

THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

VIZ.

- I. The SPLENDID SHILLING; in Imitation
of *Milton*.
- II. BLEINHEIM, a Poem. Inscribed to the
Right Honourable *Robert Harley, Esq.*
- III. CYDER, a Poem. In Two Books.
- IV. ODE, ad *Henricum St. John, Armin.*

To which are added,

PASTORALS.

By Mr. AMBROSE PHILIPS.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by E. CURRIE, at the
and Bible against St. Dunstons Church.
Fleet-street. 1714. Price 2s. 6d.

WORKS

MR. JOHNSON



Vol. A4 e.3491





Mr.

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...of the ...
...and ...
...we shall give the
...and his ...
...Sufficient
...to his name, but not

...of Dr. Strickland
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Mr. John P. ...

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THE HISTORY OF

THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

THE

UNIVERSITY OF

OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND

VOLUME

LONDON

1704

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Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 13

it is to be wish'd there were a larger as well as a better than the following Account. I have heard a Story of an Eminent Preacher, who out of an obstinate Modesty, could never be prevail'd upon to print but one Sermon, (the best perhaps that ever pass'd the Press) to which the Publick gave the Title of Dr. CRADOCK'S WORKS. The same with much Justice may be given to the Poetical Compositions which our excellent Author has publish'd, and which may challenge that Name more deservedly, than all the mighty Volumes of profuse, and negligent Writers.

The first of these, was the *Splendid Shilling*, a Title as new and uncommon for a Poem, as his way of adorning it was, and which in the Opinion of one of the best and most unprejudic'd Judges of this Age, is the *finest Burlesque Poem in the British Language* *; nor was it only the finest of that kind in our Tongue, but handled in a manner quite different from what had been made use of by any Author of our own, or other Nations, the Sen-

* See, *The Tatler*, N^o. 250.

timents and Style being in this both new, whereas in those the Jest lies more in Allusions to the Thoughts and Fables of the Ancients, than in the Pomp of the Expression. The same Humour is continued thro' the whole, and not unnaturally diversified, as most Poems of that Nature have been before. Out of that variety of Circumstances, which his fruitful Invention must suggest to him on such a Subject, he has not chosen any but what are diverting to every Reader, and some, that none but his inimitable Dress could have made diverting to any. When we read it we are betray'd into a Pleasure that we could not expect, tho' at the same time the Sublimity of the Style, and Gravity of the Phrase, seem to chastise that Laughter which they provoke.

In her best Light the Comick Muse appears,

*When she, with borrow'd Pride, the Buskin
(wears*.*

This was the first Piece that made him known to the World, and tho' printed

* See, Mr. Smith's Poem, before-mention'd.

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS: 15

from an incorrect Copy, gain'd him an universal Applause, and (as every thing new in its kind does) set many Imitators to work, yet none ever came up to the Humour and happy Turn of the Original. A Genuine Edition of it came out some Years after, for he was not so solicitous for Praise, as to hasten even that, which by the Earnest he receiv'd from the Publick, he might modestly assure himself would be a Procurer of it.

The next of his Poems was that entitled BLEINHEIM, wherein he shews that he could use the same sublime and nervous Style, as properly on a serious and Heroick Subject, as he had before done on one of a more light, and ludicrous Nature. We have said before at whose Request this was wrote, tho' he would willingly have declin'd that Undertaking, had not the powerful Incitement of his Friends prevail'd upon him to give up his Modesty to their Judgment. The *Exordium* of this Piece is a just Allusion to the Beginning of the *Aeneid*, (if that be VIRGIL'S) and that of SPENCER'S *Fairie Queen*.

*From low and abject Themes the Grov'ling
 Muse
 Now mounts Aerial, to sing of Arms
 Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
 Of Britain's Hero; —————*

The Spirit is kept on the same to the End, the whole being full of noble Sentiments, and Majestick Numbers, equal to the Hero whom it extols, and not admitting of any Rival, except one * on the same Occasion. I cannot forbear mentioning one beautiful Imitation of VIRGIL in his Digression upon the Poetical Elizabeth, where the famous — *Tu Marcellus eris* — is so happily translated and applied, that it shows the Spirit of VIRGIL better than all the Labours of his Commentators: There speaking of the late Marquiss of BLANDFORD, he says,

*Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,
 Shouldst CHURCHILL be!*

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 17

The Addresses to his Patrons are very fine and artificial, the first just and proper, and the latter of *English* MEMMIUS, exactly apposite to him, to whom all the polite Part of Mankind agree in applying that of the *Roman*,

————— *Quem Tu Dea tempore in omni*

Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

As to his CYDER, it is one (if not the only) finish'd Poem of that length extant in our Language, the Foundation of that Work was laid, and the first Book compos'd at *Oxford*; the second, for the most part in Town. He was determin'd to the Choice of that Subject, by the violent Passion he had, to do some Honour to his Native Country, and has therefore exerted all the Powers of Genius, and Art to make it compleat. It is founded upon the Model of VIRGIL's *Georgicks*, and comes the nearest of any other to that admirable Poem, which the Criticks prefer to the Divine *Aeneid*. Yet tho' it is easy to discern who was his Guide in that difficult way, we may observe that he comes after rather like a Pursuer than a Follower, not tracing him Step after Step, but
chu-

choosing those Paths in which he might easiest overtake him. All his Imitations are far from being servile, tho' sometimes very close, at other times he brings in a new Variety, and entertains us with Scenes more unexpected and pleasing perhaps than his Master's themselves were to those who first saw that Work. The Conduct and Management are Superiour to all other Copyers of that Original, and even the admir'd RAPIN is much below him, both in Design and Success, for the *Frenchman* either fills his *Gardens* with the idle Fables of Antiquity, or new Transformations of his own, and has in Contradiction to his own Rules of Criticism, injudiciously blended the serious and sublime Style of VIRGIL, with the elegant Turns of OVID in his *Metamorphosis*. Nor has the great Genius of Mr. COWLEY succeeded better in his Books of *Plants*, who besides the same Faults with the former, is continually varying his Numbers from one sort of Verse to another, and alluding to remote Hints of Medicinal Writers, which, tho' allow'd to be useful, are yet so numerous, that they flatten the Dignity of the Verse, and sink it from a *Poem* to a Treatise of *Physick*. It is not out of Envy to the Me-
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Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 19

rit of these great Men (and who will ever be such in spite of Envy) that we take notice of these Mistakes, but only to shew the Judgment of him who follow'd them in avoiding to commit the same. Whatever Scenes he presents us with appear delicate and charming, the Philosophical touches Surprize, the Moral instruct, and the gay Descriptions transport the Reader. Sometimes he opens the Bowels of the Earth, at others, he paints its Surface; sometimes he dwells upon its lower Products and Fruits; at others, mounts to its higher and more stately Plantations, and then beautifies it with the innocent Pleasures of its Inhabitants. Here we are taught the Nature, and Variety of Soils, there the Difference of Vegetables, the Sports of a Rural, the Retirement of a contemplative Life, the working Genius of the Husband-man, the Industry of the Mechanick, contribute as much to diversify, as the due Praises of exalted Patriots, Heroes, and States-men, to raise, and enoble the Poetry. The Change of Seasons and their Distinctions introduc'd by the rising and setting of the Stars; the Effects of Heat, Cold, Showers, and Tempests, are in their several Places very Ornamental, and their

20 *The LIFE of*
their Descriptions inferiour only to those
of VIRGIL.

It would be difficult as well as useless to give particular Instances of his Imitations of the last mention'd Poet; Men of Taste and Learning will themselves observe them with Pleasure, and it would be to no purpose to quote them to the illiterate; To the one it would be a sort of an Affront, to the other but an insipid Entertainment. MILTON we are inform'd could repeat the best part of HOMER, and the Person of whom we write could do the same of VIRGIL, and by continually reading him fortunately equal'd the Variety of his Numbers. This alone ought to be a sufficient Answer to those who wish this Poem had been wrote in Rhyme, since then it must have lost half its Beauties, it being impossible but that the same undistinguishable Tenour of Versification, and Returns of Close, should make it very unharmonious to a judicious and musical Ear. The best Judges of our Nation have given their Opinions against Rhyme, even they who us'd it with the greatest Admiration and Success, could not forbear condemning the Practice. I am not ignorant to what

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 21

a height some modern Writers have carried this Art, and adapted it to express the most sublime Ideas, yet this has been in much shorter Poems than the present, and I doubt not but the same Persons would have rejected it, were they to write upon the like Occasion. I shall not so far enter into the Dispute concerning the Preference of these different Manners of Writing, as to state and answer the Objections on each side: It is true, Mr. DRYDEN thought that MILTON's Choice of Blank Verse proceeded from his Inability to Rhyme well, and as good a Reason might easily be given for his own Choice, it being certain, he had the perfect Art and Mystery of one, and could have been but second in the other.

However we leave this Question to be decided by those whose Studies and Designs to excel in Poetry, may oblige them to a more exact Enquiry; for my part I think it no more a Disreputation to Mr. PHILIPS, that he did not write in Rhyme, than it is to VIRGIL, that he has not compos'd Odes or Elegies. The Bent of our Genius is what we ought to pursue, and if we answer our Designs in that, it is sufficient. The Criticks would make a

D

Man

Man laugh, to hear them gravely disputing from little Hints of those Authors, whether VIRGIL could not have writ bitter Satires, or HORACE a good Epick Poem.

But to return from this Digression to my Design, I would not have it thought that I presume to make a Criticism upon the Works of our Author, or those of others. These are only the Sentiments of one who is indifferent how they are receiv'd, if they have the good Fortune not to prejudice his Memory, for whose sake they were written. I shall add but one Remark more upon this Subject, which is the great Difficulty of making our *English* Names of Plants, Soils, Animals, and Instruments shine in Verse: there are hardly any of those which in the *Latin* Tongue are not in themselves beautiful and expressive, and very few in our own, which do not rather debase than exalt the Style. And yet I know not by what Art of the Poet, these Words, tho' in themselves mean and low, seem not to sink the Dignity of his Style, but become their Places as well as those of a better and more harmonious Sound.

I cannot leave the CYDER, without taking notice that the two Books are address'd to two Gentlemen, of whom it is enough to say that they were Mr. PHILIPS's Friends and Favourers, and whose Characters without the Help of a weaker Hand will be transmitted to Posterity. Nor must we omit that signal Honour which this Piece receiv'd after his Decease, in being translated into *Italian* by a Noble-man of FLORENCE, an Order which the great BOILEAU* was proud his *Art of Poetry* obtain'd, in a Language of much less Delicacy and Politeness. It may be some Pleasure to observe the Turn which Mr. SMITH† gives this Passage in the following Verses,

*See mighty Cosmo's Counsellor and Friend,
By turns on COSMO, and the Bard attend;*

*Rich in the Coins and Busts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler Treasure home;*

* Monsieur Boileau's *Art of Poetry* was translated into Portuguese by the Count de Ericeyra.

† See, Mr. Smith's Poem.

*In them he views her Gods, and Domes
 In him the Soul of Rome, and VIRGIL'S
 (mighty Mind:
 To him for Ease retires from Toils of State,
 Not half so proud to Govern, as Translate.*

All that we have left more of this Poet, is a Latin ODE, inscrib'd to the Honourable HENRY ST. JOHN, Esq; the Style of which is pure and elegant, the Subject of a mixt Nature, resembling the sublime Spirit, and gay facetious Humour of HORACE. From this we may form a Judgment, that his Writings in that Language were not inferiour to those he has left us in our own; and as HORACE was one of his darling Authors, we need not question his Ability to excel in his way, as well as that of the admir'd VIRGIL.

By all the Enquiry I could make, I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mention'd, nor indeed if there are any, am I very solicitous about them, being convinc'd that these are all which he finish'd

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 25

nish'd, and it would be an Injury to his Ashes to print any imperfect Sketches which he never design'd for the Public. It might perhaps please some to see the first Essays of a great Genius, but considering how apt we are to impose upon our selves and others in Matters of that kind, it is unfair to hazard the Reputation of the Writer for the Fancy of the Reader. It is a silly Vanity that some Men have delighted in of informing the World how young they were when they compos'd some particular Pieces, if they are not good 'tis no matter at what Age they were wrote; and if they are, it is a great Chance if they proceed, if they do not write beneath themselves.

We have almost as little to say in respect of our Author's farther Designs, only that we are assur'd by his Friends that he intended to write a *Poem* upon the *Resurrection*, and the *Day of Judgment*, in which it is probable he would not only have exceeded all other, but even his own Performances. That Subject indeed was only proper to be treated of in that solemn Style which he makes use of, and by one whose just Notions of Religion, and true Spirit of Poetry, could have carried his
Reader

Reader without a wild Enthusiasm—
*—Extra flammantia Mater Mundi**. MIL-
 TON has given a few fine Touches upon the
 same, but still there remains an inexhau-
 stible Store of Materials to be drawn from
 the *Prophets*, the *Psalms*, and the other
Inspir'd Writers, which in his Poetical
 Dress might without the false Boasting of
 old Poets have endur'd to the Day that it
 describ'd. The meanest Soul, and the
 lowest Imagination cannot think of that
 time, and the Descriptions we meet with
 of it in *Holy Writ* without the greatest
 Emotion, and the deepest Impression,
 what then might we not expect from the
 believing Heart of a good Man, and the
 regulated Flights and Raptures of an ex-
 cellent Christian Poet? His *Friend* † seems
 to be of the same Opinion, and as he was
 a better Judge of the Scheme which he
 had laid down, and probably had seen the
 first Rudiments of his Design, we shall
 finish this Head, with his Verses on that
 Occasion:

* *Lucretius*, lib. 1. † *Mr. Smith*, in his *Poem*.

Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS. 27

*Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his
Days,
The tow'ring Bard had sung in nobler Lays,
How the last Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead,
How Saints aloft the Cross triumphant
Spread;
How op'ning Heav'n's their happy Regions
Show,
And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vex
Geance glow,
And Saints rejoice above, and Sinners bow!
(below:)
Well might he sing the Day he could not fear,
And paint the Glories he was sure to wear.*

Those who have had either any Knowledge of his Person, or Relish of his Compositions, will easily agree in the Judgment here given, as the Generality of Men of Sense and Learning, have already done in respect of those which he liv'd to publish. For my part I never heard but of one*, who took it in his

* Sir R. — d B —

Head to censure his Writings, and it is no great Compliment to his Judgment, that he has the Honour to stand alone in that Reflection. It were easie to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blast the Fruits of his *latter Spring*, by comparing them with the Crudities of his First. That *Satire* upon our Author, has with its other Brethren been dead long since, and I believe the World would have quite forgot that ever it had any Being, had not Mr. SMITH taken care to inform us of it in a Work * of a more durable Nature.

However, tho' there is this one unjust Exception to his Writings, there is none to his Life, which was distinguish'd by a natural Goodness, a well grounded and unaffected Piety, an universal Charity, and a steady Adherence to his Principles. No one observ'd the natural and civil Duties of Life with a stricter Regard, whether those of a Son, a Friend, or a Member of a Society, and he had the Happiness to fill every one of these Parts without, even the Suspicion either of Undutifulness, Insincerity, or Disrespect.

* His Poem to the Memory of Mr. Phillips.

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS: 29

Thus he continued to the last, not owing his Virtues to the Happiness of his Constitution, but the Frame of his Mind, insomuch that during a long and lingering Sickness, which is apt to ruffle the smoothest Temper, he never betray'd any Discontent or Uneasiness, the Integrity of his Heart still preserving the Cheerfulness of his Spirits; and if his Friends had measur'd their hopes of his Life, only by his Unconcern'dness in his Sickness, they could not but conclude, that either his Date would be much longer, or that he was at all times prepar'd for Death.

He had long been troubled with a lingering *Consumption*, attended with an *Asthma*, and the Summer before he died, by the Advice of his Physicians, remov'd to the *Bath*, where although he had the Assistance of the ablest of the Faculty (by whom he was generally belov'd) he only got some present Ease, and went from thence, but with small Hopes of a Recovery, and upon the Return of his Distempers he died at *Hereford* the 15th of *February* ensuing, *Ann. 1708*.

He was interr'd in the Cathedral Church of *Hereford*, and the following Inscription is upon his Grave-stone.

(30)

JOHANNIS PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno } Dom. 1708.
 } Ætat. suæ 32.

Cujus

*Offa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspicere,
Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule,
Si Tumulum desideras, Templum ad Westmonasteriense,
Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa & præclara;
Quæ Cenotaphium ibi decorat*

Inscriptio.

*Quam interim erga Cognatos pius & officiosus,
Testetur hoc saxum*

*A MARIA PHILIPS Matre ipsius pietissima,
Dilecti Filii Memoria non sine Lachrymis dictum.*

The Monument referr'd to at *Westminster*, in this Inscription, stands between those of CHAUCER and DRAYTON, and was Erected to his Memory by Sir SIMON HARCOURT, the Present Lord Keeper, an Honour so much the greater, as proceeding from One, who knows as well to distinguish Men, as excel them, and deals out the Marks of his Respect as impartially as the Awards of his Justice. The Epitaph was writ by Dr. FREIND, in a Spirit and Style peculiar to his Compositions.

Here

*Hæresfordiæ conduntur Ossa,
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama*

JOHANNIS PHILIPS:

*Qui Viris bonis doctisq; juxta charus,
Immortale suum Ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,*

*Miro animi Candore,
Eximia morum simplicitate,
Honestavit.*

*Litterarum Amœniorum sitim,
Quam Wintoniæ Puer sentire cœperat,
Inter Ædis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,
In illo Musarum Domicilio*

*Praclaris Emulorum studiis excitatus,
Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,
Carmina sermone Patrio composuit
A Græcis Latinisq; fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romanisq; auribus omnino digna,
Versuum quippe Harmoniam
Rhythmo didicerat.*

*Antiquo illo, libero, Multiformi,
Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, & attemperato,
Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus,
Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono
Metiri :*

*Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono secundus,
Primòq; pæne Par.*

*Res seu Tenuēs, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres
Ornandas sumserat,
Nusquam, non quod decuit,
Et videt, & assecutus est,
Egregius, quocunq; Stylum verteret,
Fandi author, & Modorum artifex.*

*Fas sit Huic,
Auso licèt à tuâ Metrorum Lege discedere
O Poesis Anglicana Pater, atque Conditor CHAUCERE
Alterum tibi latus claudere,
Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undiq; stipantium
Non dedecebit Chorum.*

SIMON

SIMON HARCOURT *Miles,*
Viri benè de se, deque Literis meriti
Quoad viveret, Fautor,
Post Obitum piè memor,
Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. PHILIPS STEPHANI S. T. P. Archidia-
choni *Salop*, Filius natus est *Bamptonia*
in Agro *Oxon.* Dec. 30. 1676.
Obiit *Herefordia*, Febr. 15. 1708.

Thus much we thought proper to speak
of the *Life and Character* of Mr. PHILIPS,
following Truth in every part, and en-
deavouring to make both Him, and his
Writings an Example to others; or if that
cannot be attain'd through our own De-
fect, at least to show that a *Good Poet* and
a *Good Man* are not Names always In-
consistent.

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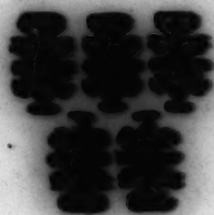
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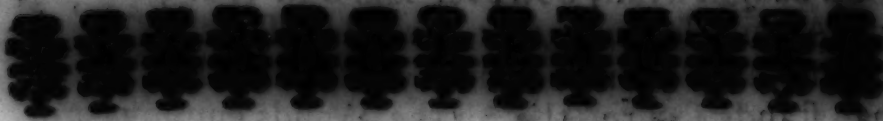
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Bleinheim,

P O E M.

From low and abject Themes the Grov'ling Muse
 Now mounts Aerial, to sing of Arms
 Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
 Of *Britain's* Heroe; may the Verse not sink
 Beneath His Merits, but detain a while
 Thy Ear, O *HARLEY*, (tho' thy Country's Weal
 Depends on Thee, tho' Mighty *ANNE* requires
 Thy hourly Counsels) since with ev'ry Art
 Thy self adorn'd, the mean Essays of Youth
 Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
 The willing Genius to the Muses Seat:
 Therefore Thee first, and last, the Muse shall Sing.

Long had the *Galic* Monarch uncontroll'd
 Enlarg'd his Borders, and of Human Force
 Opponent slightly thought, in Heart elate,
 As erst *Sesofris*, (proud *Egyptian* King,
 That Monarchs harness'd to his Chariot yok't,
 (Base Servitude!) and his dethron'd Compeers
 Lash'd furious; they in fallen Majesty
 Drew the uneasy Load.) Nor less he aim'd
 At Universal Sway: For *WILLIAM's* Arm

Could naught avail, however fam'd in War;
 Not Armies leagu'd, that diversly assay'd
 To curb his Pow'r enormous; like an Oak,
 That stands secure, tho' all the Winds employ
 Their ceaseless Roar, and only sheds its Leaves,
 Or Mast, which the revolving Spring restores:
 So stood he, and Alone; Alone defy'd
 The *European* Thrones combin'd, and still
 Had set at Naught their Machinations vain,
 But that Great *ANNE*, weighing th' Events of War
 Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee chose,
 Thee, *CHURCHILL*, to direct in nice Extreams
 Her banner'd Legions. Now their pristine Worth
 The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change
 Sweet Native Home for unaccustom'd Air,
 And other Climes, where diff'rent Food and Soil
 Portend Distempers; over dank, and dry,
 They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with Length
 Of March, unstruck with Horror at the sight
 Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high stretching Hills,
 All white with Summer Snows. They go beyond
 The Trace of *English* Steps, where scarce the Sound
 Of *Henry's* Arms arriv'd; such Strength of Heart
 Thy Conduct, and Example gives; nor small
 Encouragement. *GODOLPHIN*, Wise, and Just,
 Equal in Merit, Honour, and Success,
 To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to serve
 The Best of Queens:) He, of the Royal Store
 Splendidly frugal, sits whole Nights devoid
 Of sweet Repose, industrious to procure
 To Soldier's Ease; to Regions far remote
 His Care extends, and to the *British* Host
 Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O *CHURCHILL*, at thy wisht Approach
 The *Germans* hopeless of Success forlorn,
 With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Cheer
 New animated rouse; not more rejoice

The

The miserable Race of Men, that live
 Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Frosts
 Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keenest Breath,
 Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky,
 When first the Sun with New-born Light removes
 The long incumbent Gloom; gladly to thee
 Heroick Laurel'd *EUGENE* yields the Prime,
 Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt
 In Military Honour next, altho'
 His deadly Hand shook the *Turcheſtan* Throne
 Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands
 Victorious; on thy pow'rful Sword alone
Germania, and the *Belgic* Coast relies,
 Won from th' encroaching Sea: That Sword Great *ANNE*
 Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant Side,
 When Thee Sh'enroll'd Her Garter'd Knights among,
 Illustrating the Noble List; Her Hand
 Assures good Omens, and Saint *George's* Worth
 Enkindles like Desire of high Exploits.
 Immediate Sieges, and the Tire of War
 Rowl in thy eager Mind; thy Plumy Crest
 Nods horrible, with more terrific Port
 Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the Fight.

What Spoils, what Conquests then did *Albion* hope
 From thy Achievements! yet thou haſt ſurpaſt
 Her boldeſt Vows, exceeded what thy Foes
 Could fear, or fancy; they, in Multitude
 Superior, fed their Thoughts with Proſpect vain,
 Of Victory, and Rapine, reck'ning what
 From ranſom'd Captives would accrue. Thus One
 Jovial his Mate beſpoke; O Friend, obſerve,
 How gay with all th' Accoutrements of War
 The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they come
 Thus, far, our Prey, and tempt us to ſubdue
 Their recreant Force; how will their Bodies ſtrip
 Enrich the Vict, while the Vultures ſate
 Their Maws with full Repaſt! Another, warm'd

With high Ambition, and Conceit of Prowess
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd;
 What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood
 Of base Antagonists, with griding Edge
 Should now cleave sheer the execrable Head
 Of *CHURCHILL*, met in Arms! or if This Hand,
 Soon as his Army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
 Should stay Him flying, with retentive Gripe,
 Confounded, and appal'd! no trivial Price
 Should set Him free, nor small should be My Praise
 To lead Him shackl'd, and expose to Scorn
 Of gath'ring Crowds the *Briton's* boasted Chief.

Thus They, in sportive mood, their empty Taunts
 And Menaces exprest; nor could their Prince
 In Arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious Speech
 Refrain; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons*? why
 Decline the War? shall a Morass forbid
 Your easie March? Advance; we'll bridge a Way,
 Safe of Access. Imprudent, thus t' invite
 A furious Lion to his Folds! that Boast
 He ill abides, captiv'd in other Plight
 He soon re-visits *Britanny*, that once
 Resplendent came, with stretch't Retinue girt,
 And pompous Pageantry; O Hapless Fate,
 If any Arm, but *CHURCHILL's* had prevail'd!

No need such Boasts, or Exprobations false
 Of Cowardice; the Military Mound
 The *British* Files transcend, in evil Hour
 For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate.
 And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,
 Signal of Onset, Resolution firm
 Inspiring, and pernicious Love of War.
 The adverse Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,
 Collecting all their Might; for on th' Event
 Decisive of this bloody Day depends
 The Fate of Kingdoms: With less Vehemence

The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,
Cæsar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharsalian* Plains,
 Where stern *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,
 Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One.
 Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,
 Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,
 Bold Champion ! brandishing his *Noric* Blade,
 Best temper'd Steel, successless prov'd in Field !
 Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry
 Presumptuous comes: Here *CHURCHIL*, not so prompt
 To Vaunt, as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins
 With *EUGENE*'s *German* Force. Now from each Van
 The brazen Instruments of Death discharge
 Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds
 Of Smoak sulphureous ; intermix't with these
 Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiss,
 Singeing the Air, and from long Distance bring
 Surprizing Slaughter ; on each side they fly
 By Chains connex't, and with destructive Sweep
 Behead whole Troops at once ; the hairy Scalps
 Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous Trunks bestrow
 Th' ensanguin'd Field ; with latent Mischiefs stor'd
 Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by sudden Burst
 Disploding murd'rous Bowels, fragments of Steel,
 And Stones, and Glass, and nitrous Grain adust.
 A Thousand Ways at once the shiver'd Orbs
 Fly diverse, working Torment, and foul Rout
 With deadly Bruise, and Gashes furrow'd deep,
 Of Pain impatient, the high prancing Steeds
 Disdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,
 Spurn their dismounted Riders ; they expire
 Indignant, by unhostile Wounds destroy'd.

Thus thro' each Army Death, in various Shapes,
 Prevail'd ; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gere
 Lye clotted ; lifeless Some : With Anguish These
 Gnashing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
 Unpity'd, and unhear'd ; the louder Din

Of Guns, and Trumpets clang, and solemn Sound
 Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale
 Long hung the Fight, few Marks of Fear were seen,
 None of Retreat: As when two adverse Winds,
 Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
 Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
 Roars stormy, they together dash the Clouds,
 Levying their Equal Force with utmost Rage;
 Long undecided lasts the Airy Strife.

So they, incens'd: Till *CHURCHILL*, viewing where
 The Violence of *Tallard* most prevail'd,
 Came to oppose His slaught'ring Arm; with speed
 Precipitant He rode, urging his Way
 O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds
 Rowling in Death: Destruction, grim with Blood,
 Attends His furious Course. Him thus enrag'd
 Descrying from afar some Engineer,
 Dextrous to guide th' unerring Charge, design'd
 By One nice Shot to terminate the War.
 With Aim direct the levell'd Bullet flew
 But miss'd her Scope (for Destiny withstood
 Th' approaching Wound) and guiltless Plough'd her Way
 Beneath His Courser; round His Sacred Head
 The glowing Balls play innocent, while He
 With dire impetuous Sway deals fatal Blows
 Amongst the scatter'd *Gauls*. But O! Beware
 Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life
 Expose the *British* Safety: Hath not *Jove*
 Already warn'd Thee to withdraw? Reserve
 Thy self for other Palms. Ev'n now Thy Aid
EUGENE, with Regiments unequal prest,
 Awaits; This Day of all His Honours gain'd
 Despoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune
 Defends not the sad Hour: Permit not Thou
 So Brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd
 To bite the Ground unnotted.—Swift, and Fierce
 As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce

The

The yielding Wing; in *Gallie* Blood again
 He dews His reeking Sword, and strows the Ground
 VVith headless Ranks; (so *Ajax* interpos'd
 His Sevenfold Shield, and skreen'd *Laertes's* Son,
 For Valour much, and War-like Wiles Renown'd,
 VVhen the insulting *Trojans* urg'd Him sore
 VVith tilted Spears:) Unmanly Dread invades
 The *French* astoni'd; straight Their useless Arms
 They quit, and in Their swift Retreat confide,
 Unseemly Yelling; distant Hills return
 The hideous Noise. What can They do? or how
 VVithstand His Wide-destroying Sword? or where
 Find Shelter thus repuls'd? behind with Wrath
 Resistless, th' *Rager English* Champions Press,
 Chastising tardy Flight; Before them rows
 His Current swift the *Danube*, Vast, and Deep
 Supream of Rivers; to the frightful Brink,
 Urg'd by compulsive Arms, soon as they reacht,
 New Horror chill'd Their Veins; devote They saw
 Themselves to wretched Doom; with Efforts vain,
 Encourag'd by Despair, or Obstinate
 To Fall like Men in Arms, Some dare renew
 Feeble Engagement, meeting Glorious Fate
 On the firm Land; the Rest discomfited,
 And pusht by *MARLBOROUGH's* avengeful Hand,
 Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood.
 Bands, numerous as the *Memphian* Soldery
 That swell'd the *Erythraan* Wave, when Wall'd
 The Unfroze Waters marvelously stood,
 Observant of the Great Command. Upbore
 By frothy Billows Thousands float the Stream
 In cumbrous Mail, with love of farther Shore;
 Confiding in their Hands, that sed'lous strive
 To cut th'outrageous Fluent: In this Distress,
 Ev'n in the sight of Death, Some, Tokens shew
 Of fearless Friendship, and their sinking Mates
 Sustain; vain Love, tho' laudable! absorpt
 By a fierce Eddy, They together sound

The vast Profundity ; their Horses paw
 The swelling Surge, with fruitless Toil : Surcharg'd,
 And in his Course obstructed by large Spoil,
 The River flows redundant, and attacks
 The lingring Remnent with unusual Tide ;
 Then Rowling back, in His Capacious Lap
 Ingulphs Their whole Militia, quick immerst.
 So when some swelt'ring Travellers retire
 To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunless Verge
 Of *Paraba*, *Brasilian* Stream ; Her Tail
 Of vast Extension, from Her watry Den,
 A grisly *Hydra* suddenly shoots forth,
 Insidious, and with curl'd invennom'd Train
 Embracing horridly, at once the Crew
 Into the River whirls ; th' unweeting Prey
 Entwisted roars, the parted Wave rebounds.

Nor did the *British* Squadrons now surcease
 To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd ; full many-felt
 In the moist Element a scorching Death,
 Pierc'd sinking ; Shrouded in a dusky Cloud
 The Current flows, with livid missive Flames
 Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,
 Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when th' Swift-footed Son
 Of *Peleus* to his baleful Banks pursu'd
 The straggling *Trojans* : Nor less Eager drove
 Victorious **CHURCHILL** His desponding Foes
 Into the deep Immense, that many a League
 Impurpl'd ran, with gushing Gore distain'd.

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,
 Mighty in Conflict, rescu'd harraß Pow'rs
 From Ruin impendent, and th' afflicted Throne
 Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,
 Sustain'd. With prudent Stey, he long deferr'd
 The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout
 An Host disparted ; when, in Union firm
 Embodiy'd, They Advanc'd, collecting All

Their

Their Strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd;
 He the proud Boasters sent, with stern Assault,
 Down to the Realms of Night. The *British* Souls,
 (A Lamentable Race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
 On *Landen*-Plains, this Heavenly Gladsome Air,
 Exult to see the crouding Ghosts descend
 Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares
 Of Mortal Life, and Drink th' Oblivious Lake.
 Not so the New Inhabitants; They roam
 Erroneous, and disconsolate, Themselves
 Accusing, and their Chiefs, improvident
 Of Military Chance; when lo! They see,
 Thro' the Dun Mist, in Blooming Beauty fresh,
 Two Lovely Youths, that Amicably walkt
 O'er Verdant Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
 ANNA's late Conquests; One, to Empire Born,
 Egregious Prince, whose Manly Childhood shew'd
 His mingled Parents, and portended Joy
 Unspeakable; Thou, His Associate Dear
 Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
 Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,
 Shouldst *CHURCHILL* be! But Heav'n severe cut short
 Their springing Years, nor would, this Isle should boast
 Gifts so Important! Them the *Gallic* Shades
 Surveying, read in either radiant Look
 Marks of excessive Dignity and Grace,
 Delighted; till, in One, their Curious Eye
 Discerns their great Subduer's Awful Mien,
 And Corresponding Features Fair; to Them
 Confusion! Straight the Airy Phantomes fleet,
 With Headlong Haste, and Dread a new Pursuit;
 The Image pleas'd with Joy Paternal Smiles.

Enough, O Muse; the sadly-pleasing Theme
 Leave, with these Dark Abodes, and Re-ascend
 To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait
 The Conqu'ror, and sav'd Nations joint Acclaim.
 Hark, how the Cannon, inoffensive Now,

Gives Signs of Gratulation ; struggling Crouds
 From ev'ry City flow ; with ardent Gaze
 Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of Sight
 Insatiate ; whilst His Great Redeeming Hand
 Each Prince affects to touch respectful. See,
 How *Prussia's* King transported Entertains
 His Mighty Guest ; to Him the Royal Pledge,
 Hope of his Realm, commits, (with better Fate,
 Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave
 Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew
 The Skill and Rudiments austere of VVar.
 See, with what Joy, Him *LEOPOLD* declares
 His Great Deliverer ; and courts t' accept
 Of Titles, with superior Modesty
 Better refus'd. Mean while the Haughty King
 Far humbler Thoughts now learns ; Despair, and Fear
 Now first he feels ; his Laurels all at once
 Torn from his Aged Head, in Life's extream,
 Distract his Soul ; nor can Great *Boileau's* Harp
 Of various sounding Wire, best taught to calm
 Whatever Passion, and exalt the Soul
 With highest Strains, his languid Spirits cheer :
 Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breast.

But who can tell what Pangs, what sharp Remorse
 Torment the *Boian* Prince ? From Native Soil
 Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear Embrace
 Of weeping Consort, and depriv'd the Sight
 Of his young guiltless Progeny, he seeks
 Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land ;
 Deploable ! but that his Mind averse
 To Right, and Insincere, would violate
 His plighted Faith : Why did he not accept
 Friendly composure offer'd ? or well weigh,
 With Whom he must Contend ? Encount'ring fierce
 The *Solyman* Sultan, he o'erthrew
 His Moony Troops, returning bravely smear'd
 With Painim Blood effus'd ; nor did the *Gaul*

Not

Not find him once a baleful Foe : But when,
Of Counsel rash, new Measures he pursues,
Unhappy Prince ! (no more a Prince) he sees
Too late his Error, forc'd t' implore Relief
Of Him, he once defy'd. O Destitute
Of Hope, unpity'd ! Thou should'st first have thought
Of persevering steadfast ; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant Ill-aspiring Heart.

Lo ! how the *Noric* Plains, thro' Thy Default,
Rise hilly, with large Piles of slaughter'd Knights,
Best Men, that Warr'd still firmly for their Prince,
Tho' Faithless, and Unshaken Duty shew'd ;
Worthy of Better End. Where Cities stood,
Well Fenc'd, and Numerous, Desolation Reigns,
And Emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
The Widow, and the Orphan Strole around
The Desert wide ; with oft retorted Eye
They view the Gaping Walls, and Poor Remains
Of Mansions, once their own (now loathsome Haunts
Of Birds obscene), bewailing loud' the Loss
Of Spouse, or Sire, or Son, e're Manly Prime
Slain in sad Conflict, and complain of Fate
As Partial, and too Rigorous ; nor find
Where to Retire themselves, or where Appease
Th' afflictive keen Desire of Food, expos'd
To Winds, and Storms, and Jaws of Savage Beasts.

Thrice Happy *Albion* ! from the World disjoin'd
By Heav'n Propitious, Blissful Seat of Peace !
Learn from Thy Neighbour's Miseries to Prize
Thy Welfare ; Crown'd with Nature's Choicest Gifts,
Remote Thou hear'st the Dire Effect of War,
Depopulation, void alone of Fear,
And Peril, whilst the Dismal Symphony
Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.
Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here
Engages mighty Hosts in wasteful Strife ;
From diff'rent Climes the Flow'r of Youth descends
Down

Down to the *Lastranian* Vales, resolv'd
 With utmost Hazard to Enthronè their Prince,
Galic, or *Austrian*; Havoc dire ensues,
 And wild Uproar : The Natives, dubious whom
 They must Obey, in Consternation wait,
 Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their Liege.
 Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard
 On the mild *Latian* Shore ; what Sighs and Tears
 Hath *EUGENE* caus'd ! How many Widows curse
 His cleaving Faulchion ! Fertile Soil in vain !
 What do thy Pastures, or thy Vines avail,
 Best Boon of Heav'n ! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
 With Olives, when the Cruel Battel mows
 The Planters, with their Harvest immature ?
 See, with what Outrage from the frosty North,
 The early Valiant *Swede* draws forth his Wings
 In Battalious Array, while *Volga's* Stream
 Sends Opposite, in shaggy Armor clad,
 Her Borders ; on mutual Slaughter bent,
 They rend their Countries. How is *Poland* vext
 With Civil Broils, while Two Erected Kings
 Contend for Sway ? Unhappy Nation, left
 Thus free of Choice ! The *English*, undisturb'd
 With such sad Privilege, submit Obey.
 Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Rev'rence due,
 Not Thraldcm, in fit Liberty secure.
 From Scepter'd Kings, in long Descent deriv'd,
 Thou *ANNA* Rulest, prudent to promote
 Thy People's Ease at home, nor Studios less
 Of *Europe's* Good ; to Thee, of Kingly Rights
 Sole Arbitress, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs
 Sue for Relief ; Thou bid'st thy *CHURCHILL* go,
 Succour the Injur'd Realms, Defeat the Hopes
 Of Haughty *LOUIS*, unconfin'd ; He goes
 Obsequious, and the dread Command fulfills,
 In One Great Day. Again Thou giv'st in Charge
 To *ROOK*, that He should let that Monarch know,
 The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd

Is Thine; behold! with winged Speed He rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main, t'assert
Thy liquid Kingdoms; at his near Approach
The *Gallie* Navies, imponent to bear
His Volly'd Thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud,
And bless the friendly interposing Night.

Hail, Mighty QUEEN, reserv'd by Fate, to Grace
The New-born Age; what Hopes may we conceive
Of future Years, when to Thy Early Reign
Neptune submits his Trident, and Thy Arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmost Bound
Hesperian, *Calpe*, by *Alcides* fixt,
Mountain Sublime, that casts a Shade of Length
Immeasurable, and Rules the Inland Waves!
Let Others, with Insatiate Thirst of Rule,
Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties
Of Leagues and Oaths; this Thy peculiar Praise
Be still, to Study Right, and Quell the Force
Of Kings Perfidious; let them learn from Thee
That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd
Shall with Success be Crown'd, where Justice fails.
Thou with Thy own Content, not for Thy Self,
Subduest Regions; Generous to Raise
The Suppliant Knee, and Curb the Rebel Neck.
The *German* Boasts Thy Conquests, and Enjoys
The Great Advantage; nought to Thee redounds
But Satisfaction from Thy Conscious Mind.

Auspicious QUEEN, since in Thy Realms secure
Of Peace, Thou Reign'st, and Victory attends
Thy distant Ensigns, with Compassion view
Europe Embroil'd; Still Thou (for Thou Alone
Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms Ire,
Reciprocally ruinous; Say Who
Shall wield th' *Hesperian*, Who the *Polish* Sword,
By Thy Decree; the trembling Lands shall hear
Thy Voice, Obedient, lest Thy Scourge should bruise
Their

Their Stubborn Necks, and **CHURCHILL** in his Wrath
Make Them Remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus shall the Nations, Aw'd to Peace, Extol
Thy Pow'r, and Justice; Jealousies and Fears,
And Hate infernal banisht shall retire
To *Mauritania*, or the *Bastrian* Coasts,
Or *Tartary*, Engend'ring Discords fell
Amongst the Enemies of Truth; while Arts
Pacific, and Inviolable Love
Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* Days
Returning! In perpetual Tenor run
Delectable, and Shed your Influence Sweet
On Virtuous *ANNA*'s Head; ye Happy Days,
By *HER* restor'd, Her Just Designs compleat,
And, mildly on *HER* Shining, Bless the World.

Thus from the Noisy Croud exempt, with Ease,
And Plenty blest, amid the Mazy Groves;
(Sweet Solitude!) where warbling Birds provoke
The Silent Muse, delicious Rural Seat
Of *SAINT JOHN*, *English Memmius*, I presum'd
To Sing *Britannick* Trophies, inexpert
Of War, with mean Attempt; while He intent
(So *ANNA*'s Will Ordains) to Expedite
His Military Charge, no Leisure finds
To String His Charming Shell; But when Return'd
Consecrate Peace shall Rear Her Cheerful Head,
Then shall His **CHURCHILL** in Sublimar Verse
For Ever Triumph; latest Times shall learn
From such a Chief to Fight, and Bard, to Sing.

FINIS.



CYDER. A POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

---Honus erit built quoq; Ponso? Virg.

WITH THE
SPLENDIDSHILLING
PARADISE LOST,
And Two SONGS, &c.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-Fryer, near
the Water-side. 1709.

CYDER.

BOOK I.

WHAT Soil the Apple loves, what Care is due
To Orchards, timeliest when to press the Fruits,
Thy Gift, *Poet*, in *Athenian* Verse
Adventurous I presume to sing; of Verse
Nor skill'd, nor studious: But my Native Soil
Invites me, and the Theme as yet unsung.

Ye *Arctian* Knights, and fairest Dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n these Blessings grants,
Attend my Lay: nor hence disdain to learn,
How Nature's Gifts may be improv'd by Art.

And thou, O *Alfyn*, whose Benevolence,
And Candor oft experienc'd, Me vouchsaf'd
To knit in Friendship, growing still with Years,
Accept this Pledge of Gratitude and Love:
May it a lasting Monument remain
Of dear Respect; that, when this Body frail
Is moulder'd into Dust, and I become
As I had never been, late Times may know
I once was blest in such a matchless Friend.

Who e'er expects his lab'ring Trees shou'd bend
With Fruitage, and a kindly Harvest yield,
Be this his first Concern; to find a Tract
Impervious to the Winds, begirt with Hills,
That intercept the *Hyperborean* Blasts
Tempestuous, and cold *Ævian* nipping Force,
Harmous to feeble Buds: But to the West
Let him free Entrance grant, let *Zephyrs* bland
Administer their tepid genial Airs;

Naught



Nought fear he from the West, while gentle Warmth
Diffuses well the Earth's all-animating Warmth;
Invigorating tender Seeds; while Branch
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citrus Groves,
Hispanish Fruits, and wafts their Odours sweet
Wide thro' the Air, and distant Shores perfume.
Nor only do the Hills exclude the Winds:
But, when the blackning Cloud in sprinkling Show'rs
Descend, from the high Summits down the Rills
Runs trickling; with the fertile Moisture cheer'd,
The Orchards smile; joyous the Farmer sees
Their thriving Plants; and bless the happy Day.

Next, let the Planter, with Discretion meet,
The Force and Genius of each Soil explore;
To what adapted, what it seems aver:
Without this necessary Care, in vain
He hopes an Apple-Vintage, and invokes
Pomona's Aid in vain. The miry Field,
Rejoicing in rich Mold, most ample Fruit
Of beauteous Form produce; pleasing to Sight,
But to the Tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed; so, oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward Lineaments
Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the sable Ground expect Success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune:
The Must, of pallid Hue, declares the Soil
Devoid of Spirit; wretched He, that quaffs
Such wheyish Liquors; oft with Colic Pangs,
With pungent Colic Pangs distress'd, he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholesome Draught.
But, Farmer, look, where full-ear'd Sheaves of Wheat
Grow wavy on the Tith, that Soil select
For Apples; thence thy Industry shall gain
Ten-fold Reward; thy Garners, thence with Store
Sunburr'd, shall burst; thy Press with purest Juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving Years, may try
Thy feeble Feet, and bind thy fault'ring Tongue.

Such is the *Em-clutch*, such *Danger* Ground,
Such *Time*, O *Journe* *Trave*, and *Capt* such,
Willow *Barber*, much lov'd *Gaea* his *Mart*,
And *Satan* *Acres*, drench'd with *Regal* *Blood*
Of *Edw*ard, when to th' unhallow'd *Feast*
Of *Adversity* he invited came,
To treat of *Spensals*: Long *connubial* *Joys*
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by *Fair*
Elfrida's *Beauty*; but deluded dy'd
In height of *Hopes*—Oh! *hardest* *Fate*, to fall
By *Shew* of *Friendship*, and *pretended* *Love*!

I *not* *advise*, nor *reprehend* the *Choice*
Of *Marble* *Hill*; the *Apple* no where finds
A kinder *Mold*: Yet 'tis *unsafe* to trust
Deceitful *Ground*: Who knows but that, once more,
This *Mount* may *journey*, and his *present* *Site*
Forfeiting, to thy *Neighbours* *Bounds* transfer
The *goodly* *Plants* affording *Matter* *strange*
For *Law-Debates*? If therefore, thou *incline*
To deck this *Rife* with *Fruits* of various *Tastes*,
Fail not by frequent *Vows* to implore *Success*;
Thy *pitious* *Heav'n* may fix the *wandering* *Glebe*.

But if (for *Nature* doth not share alike
Her *Gifts*) an *happy* *Soil* should be with-held;
If a *peevish* *Clay* shou'd be thy *Lot*,
Or *rough* *unweildy* *Earth*, nor to the *Plough*,
Nor to the *Cattle* *kind*, with *sandy* *Stones*
And *Gravel* o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy *Toll*; the *sturdy* *Pear-tree* here
Will rise luxuriant, and with *toughest* *Root*
Pierce the *obstruding* *Grit*, and *restive* *Marle*.

Thus *naught* is *useless* *made*; nor is there *Land*,
But *what*, or of it *self*, or else *compell'd*,
Affords *Advantage*. On the *barren* *Heath*
The *Shepherd* tends his *Flock*, that *daily* *crop*
Their *verdant* *Dinner* from the *mossie* *Turf*,
Sufficient; after them the *Cackling* *Goose*,
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her *Womb*.

What should I more? He's on the cliffy Height
 Of Parnassus, and that Cloud-piercing Hill,
 Phalacro, from afar the Traveller head
 Astonish'd, how the Goats their shaggy Breasts
 Gave pendant; nor untrembling could the sea
 How from a craggy Rock, whose Prominence
 Half overshades the Ocean, hardy Men,
 Fearless of raging Winds, and dashing Waves,
 Cut Sampire, to excite the Spanish Gait
 Of pamper'd Luxury. Then, let thy Ground
 Not lye unlabour'd; if the richest Stern
 Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
 Somewhat, that may to Human Use rebound,
 And Penury, the worst of Ills, remove?

There are, who fond studios of Increase,
 Rich Foreign Mold on their ill-natur'd Land
 Induce laborious, and with sowing Muck
 Besmear the Roots; in vain! the nursing Grove
 Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster Earth:
 But, when the alien Compost is exhaust,
 It's native Poverty again prevails.

Tho' this Art fails, despondent; little Pains,
 In a due Hour employ'd, great Profit yield.
 Th' industrious, when the Sun in Leo rides,
 And darts his sultriest Beams, portending Drought,
 Forgets not at the Foot of ev'ry Plant
 To sink a circling Trench, and daily pour
 A just Supply of alimantal Streams,
 Exhausted Sap recruiting; else, false Hopes
 He cherishes, nor will his Fruit expect
 Th' autumnal Season, but, in Summer's Pride,
 When other Orchards smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great Light of Heav'n, that in his Course
 Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
 Noxious to planted Fields, and often Men
 Perceive his Influence dire; sweating they run
 To Grotts, and Caves, and the cool Umbrage seek
 Of woven Arborets, and oft the Rills.

Still breathing fresh winds, wading
Thirst innumerable: But if the Spring
Proceeding should be deluged with Rain,
Or Black tempestuous with brushing Wings
Sweep up the dusky Mists, and Vapours damp,
Then woe to Mankind! Toer then exerts
His Heat intense, and on our Vitals preys;
Then Melodies of various Kinds, and Names
Unknown, malignant Fevers, and that Pox
To blooming Beauty, which impeach the Face
Of fairest Nymph, and checks our growing Love,
Reign far and near; grim Death, in different Shapes,
Depopulates the Nations, thousands fall
His Victims, Youths, and Virgins, in their Flower,
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their Loves
Unfrisk'd, by insidious Heat's destroy'd.

Such Heats prevail'd, when fair *Eliza*, last
Of *Winchcomb's* Name (next Thee in Blood and Worth,
O fairest *St. John*!) left this toilsome World
In Beauty's Prime, and sadden'd all the Year:
Nor could her Virtues, nor repeated Vows
Of thousand Lovers, the relentless Hand
Of Death arrest; She with the Vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble Verse.

But if it please the Sun's intemp'rate Force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient Fame
The Annals trace, and Image to thy Mind,
How our Fore-fathers, (luckless Men!) ingulf,
By the wide yawning Earth, to *Syrian* Shades
Went quick, in one sad Sepulchre enclos'd.

In elder Days, e'er yet the *Roman* Bands
Victorious, this our other World subdu'd,
A spacious City stood, with firmest Walls
Sure mounted, and with numerous Turrets crown'd,
Aerial Spires, and Citadels, the Seat
Of Kings and Heroes resolute in War,
Fam'd *Arminius*; uncontroul'd, and free,
'Till all subduing *Latin* Arms prevail'd.

Then

Then also, the 'to foreign Yoke submit?
 She undomestick'd flood, and even till now
 Perhaps had flood, of ancient *Arctur*
 A pleasing Monument, not less admir'd
 Than what from *Aris*, or *Eurasian* *Woods*
 Arose; had not the Heav'nly Pow'r decreed
 Decreed her final Doom: For now the Fields
 Labour'd with Thirst, *Aquas* had not shed
 His wonted Show'rs, and *Serap* parch'd with Heat
 Sufficial the green Herb: Hence 'gan relax
 The Ground's Contexture, hence *Tartarus* Dregs,
 Sulphur, and nitrous Spume, enkindling fire,
 Bellow'd within their darksome Caves, by far
 More dismal than the loud dislodg'd Roar
 Of *Braxen* Enginry, that ceaseless form
 The Bastion of a well-built City, deem'd
 Impregnable: Th' infernal Winds, till now
 Closely imprison'd, by *Tanais* Warmth,
 Dilating, and with unctuous Vapours fed,
 Disdain'd their narrow Cells; and their full Strength
 Collecting, from beneath the solid Mass
 Upherv'd, and all her Castles root'd deep
 Shook from their lowest Seat; old *Fog's* Stream,
 Forc'd by the sudden Shock, her wonted Track
 Forsook, and drew her humid Train alope,
 Crankling her Banks: And now the low'ring Sky,
 And baleful Lightning, and the Thunder, Voice
 Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
 The sinking Hearts of Men. Where shou'd they turn
 Distress'd? Whence seek for Aid? when from below
 Hell threatens, and ev'n a Fate supreme gives Signs
 Of Wrath and Desolation? Vain were Vows,
 And Plaints, and suppliant Hands, to Heav'n a cry!
 Yet some to Fanes repair'd, and humble Rites
 Perform'd to *Thor*, and *Woden*, fabled Gods,
 Who with their Voceries in one Ruin shar'd,
 Crash'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantic Mood
 Ran howling thro' the Streets, their hideous Yells

Read the dark Walks; Horrors stalks around,
 Wild-Fering, and his sad Concomitant,
 Defile of their abject Look: At ev'ry Gate
 The thronging Populace with hasty Strides
 Press furious, and too eager of Escape,
 Obstruct the easy Way: the rocking Town
 Supplants their Footsteps; to and fro, they reel
 Adorn'd, as o'ercharg'd with Wine; when lo!
 The Ground adust her riven Mouth disparts,
 Horrible Cavern, profound! with swift Descent
 Old *Aricoman* sinks, and all her Tribes,
 Heroes, and Senators, down to the Realm
 Of endless Night. Mean while, the looken'd Winds
 Insatiate, molten Rocks and flaming Globes
 Hurl'd high above the Clouds; till, all their Force
 Consum'd, her rav'nous Jaws th' Earth satiate clos'd.
 Thus this fair City fell, of which the Name
 Survives alone; nor is there found a Mark,
 Whereby the curious Passenger may learn
 Her ample Site, save Coins, and mould'ring Urns,
 And huge unwickly Bones, lasting Remains
 Of that Gigantic Race, which as he breaks
 The clotted Glebe, the Plowman haply finds,
 Appall'd. Upon that treacherous Tract of Land,
 She whilom stood; now Ceres, in her Prime,
 Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest Freight bedeckt,
 The Apple-Tree, by our Fore-Fathers Blood
 Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
 Urging her destin'd Labours to pursue.

The Prudent will observe, what Passions reign
 In various Plants (for not to Man alone,
 But all the wide Creation, Nature gave
 Love, and aversion.) Everlasting Hate
 The *Fine* to *As* bears, not less abhors
 The *Clematis* Rankness; but with amorous Twine,
 Clasp the tall *Elm*: The *Pastor Rose* unfolds
 Her Bed, more lovely, near the ferid *Lark*,
 (Crest of *Rust Drums*;) an instances thence

The Price of her celestial Scent: The *Card*,
 And thirsty *Cresset*, when they perceive
 Th' approaching *Olive*, with Reluctant fly
 Her fatty Fibres, and with Tendrils creep
 Diverse, detesting Contrast; whilst the *Fig*
 Contemns not *Rue*, nor *Sage's* humble Leaf,
 Close Neighbouring; the *Horsefardian* Plant
 Cares freely the contiguous *Peach*,
Hazel, and weight-resisting *Palm*, and likes
 To approach the *Quince*, and th' *Elder's* pithy Stem;
 Uneasie, seated by funeral *Tongue*,
 Or *Walnut*, (whose malignant Touch impairs
 All generous Fruits,) or near the bitter Dews
 Of *Cherries*. Therefore, weigh the Habits well
 Of Plants, how they associate best, nor let
 Ill Neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful Grass. [froth]

Wouldst thou, thy Vats with generous Juice should
 Respect thy Orchards; think not, that the Trees
 Spontaneous will produce an wholesome Draught.
 Let art correct thy Breed: from Parent Bough
 A Coyn meetly sever; after, force
 A way into the Crabstock's close-wrought Grain
 By Wedges, and within the living Wound
 Enclose the Foster Twig; nor over-nice
 Refuse with thy own Hands around to spread
 The binding Clay e're-long their differing Veins
 Unite, and kindly Nourishment convey
 To the new Pupil; now shoots his Arms
 With quickest Growth; now shake the teeming Trunk,
 Down rain th' impurpl'd Balls, ambrosial Fruit.
 Whether the *Wilding's* Fibres are contriv'd
 To draw th' Earth's purest Spirit, and resist
 It's Feculence, which in more porous Stocks
 Of *Cydar* Plants finds Passage free, or else
 The native Verjuice of the *Crab*, deriv'd
 Thro' th' infix'd Grass, a grateful Mixture forms
 Of tart and sweet; whatever be the Cause,
 This doubtful Progeny by nicest Tastes

Expected

Expected best Acceptance find, and pays
Largest Revenues to the Orchard-Lord;

Some think, the *Quince* and *Apple* won'd combine
In happy Union; Others fitter deem
The *Star-Stem* bearing *Sylva* Plants suffice.
Who knows but Both may thrive? However, what loss
To try the Pow'r of Both; and search how far
Two different Natures may concur to mix
In close Embraces, and strange Offspring bear?
Thou'lt find that Plants will frequent Changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable Arms
Conjoin with others. So *Silvan* Plants
Admit the *Prick's* odoriferous Globe,
And *Pears* of sundry Forms; at diff'rent times
Adopted *Plants* will aliene Branches grace;
And Men have gather'd from the *Hamborn's* Branch
Large *Adollars*, imitating regal Crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautifie each Month
With Fills of parti-colour'd Fruits, that please
The Tongue, and View, at once. So *Mars's* Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious Precepts gives
Instructive to the Swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: Sometimes she diverts
From solid Counsels, shews the Force of Love
In savage Beasts; how Virgin Face divine
Attacks the hapless Youth thro' Storms, and Waves,
Alone, in deep of Night: Then she describes
The *Syrthian* Winter, nor disdains to sing,
How under Ground the rude *Riphaean* Race
Mimic brisk *Cyder* with the Brakes Product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and *Servis* hardest Juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the Arts
Of Grafting, and In-Eyeing; when to lop
The flowing Branches; what Trees answer best
From Root, or Kernel: She will best the Hours
Of Harvest, and seed time declare; by Her
The diff'rent Qualities of things were found,
And secret Motions; how with heavy Bulk

Volatile

Volatile Heaven, field and wood;
 Mounts on the Wings of Air; to her we owe
 The Ashes Weed, unknown to ancient Times
 Nature's choice Gift, whose acrimonious Fume
 Extracts superfluous Juices, and refines
 The Blood diffus'd from its noxious Salts;
 Fried to the Spirits, which with Vapours bland
 It gently mitigates, Companion fit
 Of Pleastry, and Wine; nor to the Birds
 Unfriendly, when they to the vocal Shell
 Warble melodious their well-labour'd Songs.
 She found the polish'd Glass, whose small Convex
 Enlarges to Ten Millions of Degrees
 The Mite, invisible eise, of Nature's Hand
 Least Animal; and shews, what Laws of Life
 The Charge-Inhabitants observe, and how
 Fabrick their Mansions in the harden'd Milk,
 Wonderful Artists! But the hidden Ways
 Of Nature wouldst thou know? how first she frames
 All things in Miniature? thy Specular Orb
 Apply to well-dissected Kernels; lo!
 "Strange Forms arise, in each a little Plant
 Unfolds its Boughs: observe the slender Threads
 Of first-beginning Trees, their Roots, their Leaves,
 In narrow Seeds describ'd; Thou'lt wond'ring say,
 An inmate Orchard ev'ry Apple boasts.
 Thus All things by Experience are display'd,
 And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
 To meliorate thy Stock; no Way, or Rule
 Be unassay'd; prevent the Morning Star
 Assiduous, nor with the Western Sun
 Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of Thy Gain,
 Not of my Own, I all the live-long Day
 Consume in Meditation deep, reclus'd
 From human Converse, nor, at shut of Eye,
 Enjoy Repose; but oft at Midnight Lamp
 Fly my brain-racking Studies, if by chance
 Thee I may counsel right; and oft this Care

Disturbs

Disturb me sumbling. Will thou then revine
To labour for thy Self? and rather chuse
To lye slothfully, hoping, Heav'n will bless
Thy slighted Fruits, and give thee Bread unearn'd?

I will profit; when the Stork, sworn-Foe of Snakes,
Returns, to shew Compassion to thy Plants,
Fatigu'd with Breeding. Let the arched Knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading Shades
Of Vegetables; and their thirsty Limbs
Diliver: for the genial Moisture, due
To Apples, otherwise mispends it self
In barren Twigs, and for th' expected Crop,
Naught but vain Shoots, and empty Leaves abound.

When swelling Buds their od'rous Foliage shed,
And gently harden into Fruit the Wise
Spare not the little Off-springs, if they grow
Redundant: but the thronging Clusters thin
By kind Avulsion: else, the starv'ling Brood,
Void of sufficient Sustainance, will yield
A slender Autumn; which the niggard Soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty Hand,
That would not timely ease the pond'rous Boughs.

It much conduces, all the Cares to know
Of Gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal Thieves,
And how the little Race of Birds, that hop
From Spray to Spray, scooping the costliest Fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus's Form
Avails but little; rather guard each Row
With the false Terrors of a breathless Kite.
This done, the timorous Flock with swiftest Wing
Scud thro' the Air; their Fancy represents
His mortal Talons, and his rav'nous Beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile Gripe,
They quit their Thefts and unfrequent the Fields.

Besides, the filthy Swine will oft invade
Thy firm inclosure, and with delving Snout
The rooted Forest undermine forthwith
Alloo thy furious Mastiff, bid him vex

the various Herd, and print upon their Bark
the Memorial of their past Offence.

The flagrant Preyed will not fail to bring
Large Ships of slow House-bearing Snails, that creep
O'er the ripe Fruitage, purring sliding Tracks
In the sleek Rinds, and woebest Cyder drink.
No Art averts this Pest; on Thee it lies,
With Morning and with Evening Hand to rid
The preying Reptiles; nor, of wife, wilt thou
Decline this Labour, which it self rewards
With pleasing Gain, whilst the warm Limbeck draws
Seductive Waters from the nocent Brood.

Myriads of Wasps now also clustring hang,
And drain a spurious Honey from thy Groves,
Their Winter Food; tho' oft repast, again
They rally, undismay'd: but Fraud with ease
Endures the noisom Swarms; let every Bough
Bear frequent Vials, pregnant with the Dregs
Of *Mistle*, or *Mum*, or *Treacle's* viscous Juice;
They, by th'alluring Odor drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet Cates, and crowding sip
Their palatable Bane; joyful thou'lt see
The clammy Surface all o'er-strown with Tribes
Of greedy Insects that with fruitless Toil
Flap filmy Pennons oft, to extricate
Their Feet in liquid Shackles bound, 'till Death
Bereave them of their worthless Souls: Such doom
Waits Luxury, and lawless Love of Gain!

Howe'er thou mayst forbid external Force,
Intestine Evils will prevail; damp Airs,
And rainy Winters, to the Centre pierce
Of firmest Fruits, and by unseen Decay
The proper Relish vitiate: then the Grub
Oft unobscured invades the vital Core,
Pernicious Tenant, and her secret Cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the Pulp
Senseless; mean while the Apple's outward Form
Delectable the witless Swain beguiles,

Till, with a wither'd Mouth, and feathering Head,
 He takes the bitter World, and rejects
 Diffidence; not with less Surprise, then when
 Embattled Troops with flowing Banners pass
 Thro' flow'ry Meads delighted, nor distrust
 The smiling Surface; whilst the cavern'd Ground,
 With Grains incentive stor'd, by sudden Blaze
 Bursts fatal, and involves the Hopes of War
 In fry Whirls; full of visionary Thoughts,
 Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine Eye to view *African* Groves,
 The Pride of the *Phaegian* Isle, from whence,
 Sailing the Spaces of the boundless Deep,
 To *African* precious Fruits arriv'd:
 The *Pippin* beauteous o'er with Gold, the *Maile*
 Of sweetest honey'd Taste, the fair *Permain*,
 Temper'd, like comeliest Nymph, with red and white.
Salopian Acres flourish with a Growth
 Peculiar, Eys'd the *Only*: Be thou first
 This Apple to transplant; If to the Name
 It's Merit answers, no where shalt thou find
 A Wine more priz'd, or laudable of Taste.
 Nor does the *Elias* least deserve thy Care,
 Nor *John-Apple*, whose wither'd Rind, entrencht
 With many a Farrow, aptly represents
 Decrepid Age; nor that from *Harvey* nam'd
 Quick-relishing: Why should we sing the *Thrift*,
Colling, or *Powroy*, or of pimpled Coat
 The *Rosier*, or the *Cats-Head*'s weighty Orb,
 Enormous in its Growth; for various Use
 Tho' these are meet, tho' after fall repast
 Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich Desert?

What, tho' the *Pear*-Tree rival not the Worth,
 Of *African* Products? yet her Freight
 Is not condemn'd, yet her wide-branching Arms
 Best screen thy Mansion from the fervent Dog
 Adverse to Life; the wintry Hurricanes
 In vain employ their Roar, her Trunk unmov'd

Breaks

takes the strong Sake, and chills their Rage,
 Chills the Rasker, while large Juncos,
 Annual, in sumptuous Banquets choose Applaud
 Thrice acceptable Rev'rage! could but Art
 subdue the floating Lee, Poems self
 Would dread thy Praise, and shun the dubious Strife.
 Is it thy Choice, when Summer-Heats annoy,
 To sit beneath her leafy Canopy,
 Quaffing rich Liquors: Oh! how sweet 't enjoy,
 At once her Fruits and hospitable Shade!

But how with equal Number shall we match
 The Adm's surpassing Worth? that earliest gives
 Sure hopes of racy Wine, and in its Youth,
 Its tender Nonage, loads the spreading Boughs
 With large and juicy Offspring, that defies
 The Vernal Nippings, and cold Syderal Blasts!
 Yet let her to the End-frut yield, that once
 Was of the Syloa Kind, unciviliz'd,
 Of no Regard, 'till Scandalour's skilful Hand
 Improv'd her, and by courtly Discipline
 Taught her the savage Nature to forget:
 Hence styl'd the Scandalour Plant; whose Wine
 Who-ever tastes, let him with grateful Heart
 Respect that ancient loyal House, and wish
 The Noble Peer, that now transcends our Hopes
 In early Worth, his Country's justest Pride,
 Uninterrupted Joy, and Health entire.

Let every Tree in every Garden own
 The End-frut as supreme; whose pulpy Fruit
 With Gold irradiate, and Vermilion shines
 Tempting, not fatal, as the Birth of that
 Primeval interdicted Plant, that won
 Fond Eve in hapless Hour to taste, and die.
 This, of more bounteous Influence, inspires
 Poetic Raptures, and the lowly Mase
 Kindles to loftier Strains; even I perceive
 Her sacred Virtue. See! the Numbers flow
 Safe, whilst, cheer'd with her nectareous Juice,

Here,

And my Country's Praiser I shall
 And how shall I praise, that dost detain
 All other Fields! Here is sweetest Blessing, Soil!
 Be this the chosen Matter of my Song,
 And Thy choice Abode; on which always waits
 Laughter, and Sport, and Care beguiling Wit,
 And Friendship, chief Delight of Human Life.
 What should we wish for more? or why, in quest
 Of Foreign Vintage, sincere, and mixt,
 Traverse th' extremest World? Why tempt the Rage
 Of the rough Ocean? when our native Glebe
 Imports, from bounteous Womb, annual Recruits
 Of Wine delicious, that far surpasses
Galic, or *Lois* Grapes, or those that see
 The setting Sun near *Calpe's* tow'ring Height.
 Nor let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Lesbian* Vines
 Vant their rich Must, nor let *Tokay* contend
 For Sov'ranty; *Phoen* self must bow
 To th' *Aricanian* Vales: And shall we doubt
 To improve our vegetable Wealth, or let
 The Soil lie idle, which, with fit Manure,
 Will largest Usury repay, alone
 Empow'rd to supply what Nature asks
 Regal, or what nice Appetite requires?
 The Meadows here, with bat'ning Ooze enrich'd,
 Give Spirit to the Grass; three Cubits high
 The painted Herbage shoots; th' unfallow'd Glebe
 Yearly o'ergrows the Granaries with Store
 Of Golden Wine, the Strength of Human Life.
 Lo, on auxiliary Poles, the *Hops*
 Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet Array!
 Lo, how the Arable with *Barley*-Grain
 Stands thick, o'er-shadow'd, to the thirsty Hind
 Transporting Prospect! These, as modern Use
 Ordains, infus'd, an Auburn Drink compose,
 Wholesome, of deathless Fame. Here, to the Sight,
 Apples of Price, and Plenteous Sheaves of Corn,
 Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe

Fitting

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Fitting congenial Juice ; so rich the Soil,
So much does fructuous Moisture o'er-abound !
Nor are the Hills unamiable, whose Tops
To Heav'n aspire, affording Prospect sweet
To Human Ken ; nor at their Feet the Vales
Descending gently, where the lowing Herd
Chews verdious Pasture ; nor the yellow Fields
Gaily enterchang'd, with rich Variety
Pleasing as when an *Emerald* green, enchas'd
In Flamy Gold, from the bright Mass acquires
A nobler Hue, more delicate to Slight.
Next add the *Sylvan* Shades, and silent Groves,
(Haunt of the *Druids*) whence the Hearth is fed
With copious Fuel ; whence the sturdy Oak,
A Prince's Refuge once, th' Eternal Guard
Of *England's* Throne, by sweating Peasants fell'd.
Stems the vast Main, and bears tremendous War
To distant Nations, or with Sov'ran Sway
Aws the divided World to Peace and Love.
Why shou'd the *Chalybes*, or *Bilboa* boast
Their harden'd Iron ; when our Mines produce
As perfect Martial Ore ? Can *Tmolus'* Head
Vie with our *Safron* Odours ? Or the *Fleece*
Bacic, or finest *Tarentine*, compare
With *Lemster's* filken Wool ? Where shall we find
Men more addaunted, for their Country's Weal
More prodigal of Life ? In antient Days,
The *Roman* Legions, and great *Cesar* found
Our Fathers no mean Foes : And *Cressy* Plains,
And *Agincourt*, deep ting'd with Blood, confess
What the *Silures* Vigour unwithstood
Cou'd do in rigid Fight ; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide wasting Hand, first Garter'd Knight,
Puisant Author of great *Chandois'* Stemm,
High *Chandois* that transmits Paternal Worth,
Prudence, and ancient Prowess, and Renown,
This Noble Off-spring. O thrice happy Peer !
That, blest with hoary Vigour, view'st Thy self

Fresh blooming in thy Generous Son; whose Lips,
Flowing with nervous Eloquence exact,
Charm the wise Senate, and Attention win
In deepest Councils: *Ariconium* pleas'd,
Him, as her chosen Worthy, first salutes.
Him on th' *Iborean*, on the *Gallick* Shore,
Him hardy *Britons* bless; His faithful Hand
Conveys new Courage from afar, nor more
The General's Conduct, than His Care avails.

Thee also, Glorious Branch of *Cecil's* Line,
This Country claims; with Pride and Joy to Thee
Thy *Alterennis* calls: yet she endures
Patient Thy Absence, since Thy Prudent Choice
Has fix'd Thee in the Muse's fairest Seat,
Where *Aldrich* reigns, and from his endless Store
Of universal Knowledge still supplies
His noble Care; He generous Thoughts instills
Of true Nobility, their, Countrys Love,
(Chief End of Life) and forms their ductile Minds
To Human Virtues: By his Genius led,
Thou soon in every Art preeminent
Shalt grace this Isle, and rise to *Burleigh's* Fame.

Hail High-born Peer! And Thou, great Nurse of Arts,
And Men, from whence conspicuous Patriots spring,
Hammer, and *Bromley*; Thou, to whom with due
Respect *Wintonia* bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred Off-spring; be for ever blest
With like Examples, and to future Times
Proficuous, such a Race of Men produce,
As, in the Cause of Virtue firm, may fix
Her Throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this Vow
From One, the meanest in her numerous Train;
Tho' meanest, not least studious of her Praise.

Muse, raise thy Voice to *Beaufort's* spotless Fame,
To *Beaufort*, in a long Descent deriv'd
From Royal Ancestry, of Kingly Rights
Faithful Asserters: In Him centring meet
Their glorious Virtues, high Desert from Pride
Disjoin'd,

Disjoin'd, unshaken Honour, and Contempt
Of strong Allurements. O Illustrious Prince!
O Thou of ancient Faith! Exulting, Thee
In her fair List this happy Land inrolls.

Who can refuse a Tributary Verse
To *Weymouth*, firmest Friend of slighted Worth
In evil Days? whose hospitable Gate,
Unbarr'd to All, invites a numerous Train
Of daily Guests; whose Boar'd, with Plenty crown'd,
Revives the Feast-rites old: Mean while His Care
Forgets not the Afflicted, but content
In Acts of secret Goodness, shuns the Praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord,
To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous shine;
And with Thy Name to dignifie my Song.

But who is He, that on the winding Stream
Of *Vaga* first drew vital Breath, and now
Approv'd in *Anna's* secret Council sits,
Weighing the Sum of things, with wise Forecast
Sollicitous of Publick Good? How large
His Mind, that comprehends what e'er was known
To Old, or Present Time; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its Skill? What Praise deserves
His liberal Hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing Suit? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first design'd to hear
Thy Pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious Tongues.
Acknowledge thy Own *Harley*, and his Name
Inscribe on ev'ry Bark; the wounded Plants
Will fast Increase, faster thy just Respect.

Such are our Heroes, by their Vertues known,
Or Skill in Peace, and War: Of softer Mold
The Female Sex, with sweet attractive Airs
Subdue obdurate Hearts. The Travellers oft,
That view their matchless Formswith transient Glance,
Catch suddain Love, and sigh for Nymphs unknown,
Smit with the Magic of their Eyes: nor hath
The Dædal Hand of Nature only pour'd

Her Gifts of outward Grace ; their Innocence
 Unfeign'd, and Virtue most engaging, free
 From Pride, or Artifice, long Joys afford
 To th' honest Nuptial Bed, and in the Wane
 Of Life, rebate the Miseries of Age.
 And is there found a Wretch, so base of Mind,
 That Woman's pow'rful Beauty dares condemn,
 Exactest Work of Heav'n ? He ill deserves
 Or Love, or Pity ; Friendless let him see
 Uneasie, tedious Days, despis'd, forlorn,
 As Stain of Human Race : But may the Man,
 That chearfully recounts the Females Praise
 Find equal Love, and Love's untainted Sweets
 Enjoy with Honour. O, ye Gods ! might I
 Elect my Fate, my happiest Choice should be
 A fair and modest Virgin, that invites
 With Aspect chaste, forbidding Loose Desire,
 Tenderly smiling ; in whose Heav'nly Eye
 Sits purest Love enthron'd : But if the Stars
 Malignant, these my better Hopes oppose,
 May I, at least, the sacred Pleasures know
 Of strictest Amity ; nor ever want
 A Friend, with whom I mutually may share
 Gladness, and Anguish, by kind Intercourse
 Of Speech, and Offices. May in my Mind,
 Indelible a grateful Sense remain
 Of Favours undeserv'd ! — O Thou ! from whom
 Gladly both Rich, and Low seek Aid ; most Wise
 Interpreter of Right, whose gracious Voice
 Breaths Equity, and curbs too rigid Law
 With mild, impartial Reason ; what Returns
 Of Thanks are due to Thy Beneficence
 Freely vouchsafe, when to the Gates of Death
 I tended prone ? If Thy indulgent Care
 Had not preven'd, among unbody'd Shades
 I now had wander'd ; and these empty Thoughts
 Of Apples perish'd : But, uprais'd by Thee,
 I tune my Pipe afresh, each Night, and Day

Thy

Thy unexampled Goodness to extoll
Desirous; but nor Night, nor Day suffice
For that great Task; the highly Honour'd Name
Of *Trevor* must employ my willing Thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my Tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me
Be fawning Cringe, and false dissembling Look,
And servile Flattery, that harbours oft
In Courts, and gilded Roofs. Some loose the Bands
Of ancient Friendship, cancel Nature's Laws
For Pageantry, and tawdry Gugaws. Some
Renounce their Sires, oppose paternal Right
For Rule, and Power; and other's Realms invade,
With specious Shews of Love. This traiterous Wretch
Betrays his Sov'ran. Others, destitute
Of real Zeal, to ev'ry Altar bend,
By Lucre sway'd, and act the basest Things
To be styl'd Honourable: Th' Honest Man,
Simple of Heart, prefers inglorious Want
To ill-got VVealth; rather from Door to Door
A jocund Pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted Faith; nor Fear, nor Hope,
VWill shock his stedfast Soul; rather debar'd
Each common Privilege, cut off from Hopes
Of meanest Gain, of present Goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the Marks of Infamy, contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,
Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.
If no Retinue with observant Eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
Of cumbrous Vestments, labour'd o'er with Gold,
Dazle the Croud, and set them all agape;
Yet clad in homely VVeeds, from Envy's Darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs
Of Conscience, nor with Spectre's grisly Forms,
Demons, and injur'd Souls, at Close of Day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted Slumbers finds.
But as a (Child, whose inexperienc'd Age

Nor evil Purpose fears nor knows,) enjoys
 Night's sweet Refreshment, humid Sleep, sincere,
 VVhen Chaunticleer, with Clarion shrill, recalls
 The tardy Day he to his Labours hies
 Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
 Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
 Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
 Fossils, and Minerals, that embowell'd Earth
 Displays, if by his Industry he can
 Benefit Human Race: Or else his Thoughts
 Are exercis'd with Speculations deep
 Of Good, and Just, and Meet, and the wholesome Rules
 Of Temperance, and aught that may improve
 The moral Life; not sedulous to rail,
 Nor with envenom'd Tongue to blast the Fame
 Of harmless Men, or secret Whispers spread,
 'Mong faithful Friends to breed Distrust, and Hate
 Studios of Virtue, he no Life observes
 Except his own, his own employs his Cares,
 Large Subject! that he labour to refine
 Daily, nor of his little Stock denies
 Fit Alms to *Lazars*, merciful, and meek.

Thus sacred *Virgil* liv'd, from courtly Vice,
 And Baits of pompous *Rome* secure; at Court
 Still thoughtful of the rural honest Life,
 And how t'improve his Grounds, and how himself:
 Best Poet! fit Exemplar for the Tribe
 Of *Phabus*, nor less fit *Maonides*.

Poor eyless Pilgrim! and if after these,
 If after these another I may name,
 Thus tender *Spencer* liv'd with mean Repast
 Content, depress'd by Penury, and Pine
 In Foreign Realm: Yet not debas'd his Verse
 By Fortunes Frown. And had that Other Bard,
 Oh, had but He that first enobled Song
 With holy Raptures, like his *Abdiel* been,
 'Mong many faithless strictly faithful found;
 Unpity'd, he should nor have wail'd his Orbs,

That

That roll'd in vain to find the piercing Ray,
 And found no Dawn, by dim Suffusion veild!
 But He—However, let the Muse abstain,
 Nor blast his Fame, from whom she learnt to sing
 In much inferior Strains, grov'ling beneath
 Th' *Olympian Hill*, on Plains, and Vales intent,
 Mean Follower. There let her rest a while,
 Pleas'd with the fragrant Walks, and cool Retreat.

CYDER. Book II.

O *Hartcourt*, Whom th' ingenious Love of Arts
 Has carry'd from thy native Soil, beyond
 Th' eternal *Alpine* Snows, and now detains
 In *Italy's* waste Realms, how long must we
 Lament Thy Absence? Whilst in sweet Sojourn
 Thou view'st the Reliques of old *Rome*; or what,
 Unrival'd Authors by their Presence; made
 For ever venerable, rural Seats,
Tibur, and *Tusculum*, or *Virgil's* Urn
 Green with immortal Bays, which haply Thou,
 Respecting his great Name, dost now approach
 With bended Knee, and strow with purple Flow'rs;
 Unmindful of Thy Friends, that ill can brook
 This long Delay. At length, Dear Youth, return,
 Of Wit, and Judgment ripe in blooming Years,
 And *Britain's* Isle with *Latian* Knowledge grace.
 Return, and let Thy Father's VVorth excite
 Thirst of Preeminence; see! how the Cause
 Of Widows, and of Orphans He asserts
 With winning Rhetoric, and well argu'd Law!
 Mark well His Footsteps, and, like Him, deserve
 Thy Prince's Favour, and thy Country's Love.
 Mean while (altho' the *Massie* Grape delights
 Pregnant of racy Juice, and *Formian* Hills
 Temper Thy Cups, yet) wilt not Thou reject

Thy native Liquors: Lo! for Thee my Mill
 Now grinds choice Apples, and the *British* Vats
 O'erflow with generous Cyder; far remote
 Accept this Labour, nor despise the Muse,
 That, passing Lands, and Seas, on Thee attends.

Thus far of Trees: The pleasing Task remains,
 To sing of VVines, and Autumn's blest Increase.
 Th' Effects of Art are shewn, yet what avails
 'Gainst Heav'n? Oft, notwithstanding all thy Care
 To help thy Plants, when the small Fruit'ry seems
 Exempt from Ills, an oriental Blast
 Disastrous flies, soon as the Hind, fatigu'd,
 Unyokes his Team; the tender Freight, unskill'd
 To bear the hot Disease, distemper'd pines
 In the Year's Prime, the deadly Plague annoys
 The wide Inclosure; think not vainly now
 To treat thy Neighbours with mellifluous Cups,
 Thus disappointed: If the former Years
 Exhibit no Supplies, alas! thou must,
 With tasteless VVater wash thy Droughty Throat.

A thousand Accidents the Farmer's Hopes
 Subvert, or cheque; uncertain all his Toil,
 'Till lassy Autumn's luke-warm Days, allay'd
 VVith gentle Colds, insensibly confirm
 His ripening Labours: Autumn to the Fruits
 Earth's various Lap produces, Vigour gives
 Equal, intenerating milky Grain,
 Berries, and Sky-dy'd Plums, and what in Coat
 Rough, or soft Rind, or bearded Husk, or Shell;
 Fat *Olives*, and *Pistacio's* fragrant Nut,
 And the *Pine's* tastful Apple: Autumn paints
Ausonian Hills with Grapes, whilst *English* Plains
 Blush with pomaceous Harvests, breathing Sweets.
 O let me now, when the kind early Dew
 Unlocks th' embosom'd Odors, walk among
 The well rang'd Files of Trees, whose full-ag'd Store
 Diffuse *Ambrosial* Streams, than *Myrrh*, or *Nard*
 More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry *Beane*:

Soft

Soft whisp'ring Air, and the Larks matten Song
 Then woo to musing, and becalm the Mind
 Perplex'd with irksome Thoughts. Thrice happy time,
 Best Portion of the various Year, in which
 Nature rejoyceth, smiling on her VVorks
 Lovely, to full Perfection wrought ! but ah,
 Short are our Joys, and neighb'ring Grief disturb
 Our pleasant Hours. Inclement VVinter dwells
 Contiguous ; forthwith frosty Blafts deface
 The blithsome Year : Trees of their shrivel'd Fruits
 Are widow'd, dreery Storms o'er all prevail.
 Now, now's the time ; e'er hasty Suns forbid
 To work, disburthen thou thy sapless *Wood*
 Of its rich Progeny ; the turgid Fruit
 Abounds with mellow Liquor ; now exhort
 Thy Hinds to exercise the pointed Steel
 On the hard Rock, and give a wheely Form
 To the expected Grinder : Now prepare
 Materials for thy Mill, a sturdy Post
Cylindric, to support the Grinder's Weight
 Excessive, and a flexile Sallow entrench'd,
 Rounding, capacious of the juicy Hord.
 Nor must thou not be mindful of thy Press
 Long e'er the Vintage ; but with timely Care
 Shave the Goats shaggy Beard, least thou too late,
 In vain shoud'st seek a Strainer, to dispart
 The husky, terrene Dregs, from purer Must.
 Be cautious next a proper Steed to find,
 VVhose Prime is past ; the vigorous Horse disdains
 Such servile Labours, or if forc'd, forgets
 His past Atchievements, and victorious Palms.
 Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with VVork, and Years,
 Shall roll th' unwieldy Stone ; with sober Pace
 He'll tread the cirkling Path 'till dewy Eve,
 From early Day-spring, pleas'd to find his Age
 Declining, unuseful to his Lord.

Some, when the Press, by utmost Vigour screw'd,
 Has drain'd the pulpos Mass, regale their Swine

With

Thy native Liquors: Lo! for Thee my Mill
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 On the hard Rock, and give a wheely Form
 To the expected Grinder : Now prepare
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Cylindric, to support the Grinder's Weight
 Excessive, and a flexile Sallow entrench'd,
 Rounding, capacious of the juicy Hord.
 Nor must thou not be mindful of thy Press
 Long e'er the Vintage ; but with timely Care
 Shave the Goats shaggy Beard, least thou too late,
 In vain shoud'st seek a Strainer, to dispart
 The husky, terrene Dregs, from purer Must.
 Be cautious next a proper Steed to find,
 VVhose Prime is past ; the vigorous Horse disdains
 Such servile Labours, or if forc'd, forgets
 His past Atchievements, and victorious Palms.
 Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with VVork, and Years,
 Shall roll th' unwieldy Stone ; with sober Pace
 He'll tread the cirkcling Path 'till dewy Eve,
 From early Day-spring, pleas'd to find his Age
 Declining, unuseful to his Lord.

Some, when the Press, by utmost Vigour screw'd,
 Has drain'd the pulpos Mass, regale their Swine

With

VVith the dry Refuse; thou more wise shalt steep
 Thy Husks in VVater, and again employ
 The pondrous Engine. VVater will imbibe
 The small Remains of Spirit, and acquire
 A vinous Flavour; this the Peasants blith
 VVill quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling Team
 They drive and sing of *Fusca's* radiant Eyes,
 Pleas'd with the medly Draught. Nor shalt thou now
 Reject the *Apple-Cheese*, tho' quite exhaust;
 Ev'n now 'twill cherish, and improve the Roots
 Of sickly Plants; new Vigour hence convey'd
 VVill yield an Harvest of unusual Growth.
 Such Profit spring from Musk discreetly us'd!

The tender Apples, from their Parents rent
 By stormy Shocks, must not neglected lye,
 The Prey of VVorms: A frugal Man I knew
 Rich in one barren Acre, which, subdu'd
 By endless Culture, with sufficient Must
 His Casks replenisht yearly: He no more
 Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn
 The various Seasons, and by Skill repell
 Invading Pests, successful in his Cares,
 'Till the damp *Lybion* VVind, with Tempests arm'd
 Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
 His Cyder-Grove: O'er-turn'd by furious blasts,
 The slightly Ranks fall prostrate, and around
 Their Fruitage scatter'd, from the genial Boughs
 Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,
 Nor curse his Stars; but prudent, his fall'n Heaps
 Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid Wreaths
 Of teddid Grafts, and the Sun's mellowing Beams
 Rival'd with artful Heats, and thence procur'd
 A costly Liquor, by improving Time
 Equal'd with what, the happiest Vintage bears.

But this I warn Thee, and shall always warn
 No heterogeneous Mixtures use, as some
 With watry Turneps have debas'd their Wines,
 Too frugal; nor let the crude Humors dance

In heated Brass, steaming with Fire intense;
 Altho' *Devonia* much commends the Use
 Of strengthening *Vulcan*; with their native Strength
 Thy Wines sufficient, other Aid refuse;
 And, when th' allotted Orb of Time's compleat,
 Are more commended than the labour'd Drinks.

Nor let thy Avarice tempt thee to withdraw
 The Priest's appointed Share; with cheerful Heart
 The tenth of thy Increase bestow and own
 Hea'v'n's bounteous Goodness, that will sure repay
 Thy grateful Duty: This neglected fear
 Signal Avengeance, such as over-took
 A Miser, that unjustly once with-held
 The Clergy's Due; relying on himself,
 His Fields he tended with successless Care,
 Early, and late, when, or unwill't for Rain
 Descended or unseasonable Frosts
 Curb'd his increasing Hopes, or when around
 The Clouds dropt Fatness, in the middle Sky
 The Dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
 His execrable Glebe; recording this,
 Be Just, and Wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now, the Promise of the coming Year
 To know, that by no flattering Signs abus'd,
 Thou wisely may'st provide: The various Moon
 Prophetick, and attendant Stars explain
 Each rising Dawn; e'er Icy Crusts surmount
 The current Stream, the heav'nly Orbs serene
 Twinkle with trembling Rays, and *Cynthia* glows
 With Light unsully'd: Now the Fowler, warn'd
 By these good Omens, with swift early Steps
 Treads the crimp Earth, ranging thro' Fields and Glades
 Offensive to the Birds, sulphureous Death
 Checques their mid Flight and heedless while they strain
 Their tuneful Throats, the tow'ring, heavy Lead
 O'er-takes their Speed; they leave their little Lives
 Above the Clouds, præcipitant to Earth.

The

The VWoodcocks early Vifit, and Abode
 Of long Continuance in our temperate Clime,
 Foretell a liberal Harvest: He of Times
 Intelligent, th' harfh *Hyperborean* Ice
 Shuns for our equal Winters; when our Suns
 Cleave the chill'd Soil, he backward wings his Way
 To *Scandinavian* frozen Summers, meet
 For his num'd Blood. But nothing profits more
 Than frequent Snows: O, may'st Thou often fee
 Thy Furrows whiten'd by the woolly Rain,
 Nutricious! Secret Nitre lurks within
 The porous Wet, quick'ning the languid Glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent Vows implore
 A moderate Wind; the Orchat loves to wave
 With Winter-Winds, before the Gems exert
 Their feeble Heads; the loosen'd Roots then drink
 Large Increment, Earnest of happy Years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
 The monthly Stars, their pow'ful Influence
 O'er planted Fields, what Vegetables reign
 Under each Sign. On our Account has *Jove*
 Indulgent, to all Moons some succulent Plant
 Allotted, that poor, helpless Man might slack
 His present Thirst, and Matter find for Toil.
 Now will the *Corinths*, now the *Rasps* supply
 Delicious Draughts; the *Quinces* now, or *Plums*,
 Or *Cherries*, or the fair *Thisbein* Fruit
 Are prest to Wines; the *Britens* squeeze the Works
 Of sedulous Bees, and mixing od'rous Herbs
 Prepare balsamic Cups, to wheezing Lungs
 Medicinal, and short breath'd, ancient Sires.

But, if Thou'rt indefatigably bent
 To toil, and omnifarious Drinks wou'dst brew;
 Besides the Orchat, ev'ry Hedge, and Bush
 Affords Assistance; ev'n afflictive *Birch*,
 Curs'd by unletter'd, idle Youth, distills
 A limpid Current from her wounded Bark,
 Profuse of nursing Sap. When Solar Beams

Parch thirsty human Veins, the damask't Meads;
 Unforc'd display ten thousand painted Flow'rs
 Useful in Potables. Thy little Sons
 Permit to range the Pastures; gladly they
 Will mow the *Cowslip*-Posies, faintly sweet,
 From whence thou artificial Wines shalt drain
 Of icy Taste, that, in mid Fervors, best
 Slack craving Thirst, and mitigate the Day.

Happy *Irene*, whose most wholesome Air
 Poisons envenom'd Spiders, and forbids
 The baleful Toad and Viper from her Shore!
 More happy in her Balmy Draughts, (enrich'd
 With Miscellaneous Spices, and the Root
 For Thirst-abating Sweetness prais'd,) which wide
 Extend her Fame, and to each drooping Heart
 Present Redress, and lively Health convey.

See how the *Belga*, Sedulous, and Stout,
 With Bowls of fat'ning *Mum*, or blissful Cups
 Of Kernell-relish'd Fluids, the fair Star
 Of early *Phosphorus* salute, at Noon
 Jocund with frequent-rising Fumes! by Use
 Instructed, thus to quell their Native Flegm
 Prevailing, and engender wayward Mirth.

What need to treat of distant Climes, remov'd
 Far from the sloping Journey of the Year,
 Beyond *Persia*, and *Islandic* Coasts?

Where ever-during Snows perpetual Shades
 Of Darkness, would congeal their livid Blood,
 Did not the *Arctic* Tract, spontaneous yield
 A cheering purple Berry, big with Wine,
 Intensely fervent, which each Hour they crave,
 Spread round a flaming Pile of Pines, and oft
 They interlard their native Drinks with choice
 Of strongest *Brandy*, yet scarce with these Aids
 Enabl'd to prevent the suddain Rot
 Of freezing Nose, and quick-decaying Feet.

Nor less the Sable Borderers of *Nile*,
 Nor who *Taprobane* manure, nor They,

Whom

Whom sunny *Borneo* bears, are stor'd with Streams
 Egregious, *Rum*, and *Rice's* Spirit extract.
 For here, expos'd to perpendicular Rays,
 In vain they covet Shades, and *Thrasia's* Gales,
 Pining with *Equinoctial* Heat unless
 The Cordial Glass perpetual Motion keep,
 Quick circuiting ; nor dare they close their Eyes,
 Void of a bulky Charger near their Lips,
 With which, in often interrupted Sleep,
 Their frying Blood compells to irrigate
 Their dry-furr'd Tongues, else minutely to Death
 Obnoxious, dismal Death, th' Effect of Drought !

More happy they, born in *Columbus' World*,
Carybbs, and they, whom the *Cotton Plant*
 With downy-sprouting Vests arrays ! Their Woods
 Bow with prodigious Nuts, that give at once
 Celestial Food, and Nectar ; than, at hand,
 The *Lemmon*, uncorrupt with Voyage long
 To vinous Spirits added (heav'nly Drink !)
 They with Penumatic Engine, ceaseless draw,
 Intent on Laughter ; a continual Tide
 Flows from th' exhilarating Fount. As, when
 Against a secret Cliff, with suddain Shock
 A Ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the Sea,
 Th' astonish'd Mariners all ply the Pump,
 No Stay, nor Rest, 'till the wide Breach is clos'd,
 So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, still move
 The draining Sucker, then alone concern'd,
 When the dry Bowl forbids their pleasing Work.

But if to hording Thou art bent, thy Hopes
 Are frustrate, shou'dst Thou think thy Pipes will flow
 VVith early-limpid VVine. The horded Store,
 And the harsh Draught, must twice endure the Sun's
 Kind strengthning Heat, twice Winter's purging Cold.

There are, that a compounded Fluid drain
 From different Mixtures, *Woodcock*, *Pippin*, *Moyle*,
 Rough *Eliot*, sweet *Permain*, the blended Streams
 (Each mutually correcting each) create

A pleasurable Medly, of what Taste
 Hardly distinguish'd ; as the showry Arch,
 With list'd Colours gay, Or, Azure, Gules,
 Delights, and puzzles the Beholder's Eye,
 That views the watry Brede, with thousand Shews
 Of Painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
 Or where one Colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by Art, or Age unlearn'd
 Their genuine Relish, and of sundry Vines
 Assum'd the Flavour ; one sort counterfeits
 The *Spanish* Product, this, to *Gauls* has seem'd
 The sparkling *Nectar* of *Champaigne* ; with that,
 A *German* oft has swill'd his Throat, and sworn,
 Deluded, that Imperial *Rhine* bestow'd
 The Generous Rummer, whilst the Owner pleas'd,
 Laughs inly at his Guests, thus entertain'd
 With Foreign Vintage from his Cyder-Cask.

Soon as thy Liquor from the narrow Cells
 Of close-press'd Husks is freed, thou must refrain
 Thy thirsty Soul ; let none persuade to broach
 Thy thick unwholsome, undigested Cades :
 The hoary Frosts, and Northern Blasts take care
 Thy muddy Beu'rage to serene, and drive
 Precipitant the baser, ropy Lees.

And now thy Wine's transpicious, purg'd from all
 It's earthy Gross, yet led it feed a while
 On the fat Refuse, least too soon disjoin'd
 From spritely, it, to sharp, or vappid change.
 When to convenient Vigour it attains,
 Suffice it to provide a brazen Tube
 Inflex't ; self-taught, and voluntary flies
 The defecated Liquor, thro' the Vent
 Ascending, then by downward Tract convey'd,
 Spouts into subject Vessels, lovely clear.
 As when a Noon-tide Sun, with Summer Beams,
 Darts thro' a Cloud, her watry Skirts are edg'd
 With lucid Amber, or undrossy Gold :
 So, and so richly, the purg'd Liquid shines.

Now

Now also, when the Colds abate, nor yet
Full Summer shines, a dubious Season, close
In Glass thy purer Streams, and let them gain,
From due Confinement, Spirit, and Flavour new

For this Intent, the subtle Chymist feeds
Perpetual Flames, whose unresisted Force
O'er Sand, and Ashes, and the stubborn Flint
Prevailing, turns into a fubil Sea,
That in his Furnace bubbles sunny-red :
From hence a glowing Drop with hollow'd Steel
He takes, and by one efficacious Breath
Dilates to a surprizing Cube, or Sphere,
Or Oval, and fit Receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plastick Lungs,
To human Life subservient ; by his Means
Cyders in Metal frail improve ; the *Moyle*,
And tastful *Pippin*, in a Moon's short Year,
Acquire compleat Perfection : Now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each Drop Delight
Of curious Palate, by fair Virgins crav'd.
But harsher Fluids different lengths of time
Expect : Thy Flask will slowly mitigate
The *Eliot's* Roughness. *Stirom*, firmest Fruit,
Embottled (long as *Priameian* Troy
Withstood the *Greeks*) endures, e'er justly mild.
Softened by Age, it youthful Vigor gains,
Fallacious Drink ! Ye honest Men beware,
Nor trust its Smoothless ; The third circling Glass
Suffices Virtue : But may Hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the Relish weak,
Drink on unwarnd, 'till by enchanting Cups
Infatuate, they their wily Thoughts disclose,
And thro' Intemperance grow a while sincere.

The Farmer's Toil is done ; his Cades mature,
Now call for Vent, his Lands exhaust permit
T'indulge a while. Now solemn Rites he pays
To *Bacchus*, Author of Heart-cheering Mirth.

His

His honest Friends, at thirty hour of Dusk;
 Come uninvited; he with bounteous Hand
 Imparts his smoking Vintage, sweet Reward
 Of his own Industry; the well-fraught Bowl
 Circles incessant, whilst the humble Cell
 With quavering Laugh, and rural Jest resounds,
 Ease, and Content, and undissembled Love
 Shine in each Face; the Thoughts of Labour past
 Increase their Joy. As, from retentive Cage
 When fullen *Philomel* escapes, her Notes
 She varies, and oft past Imprisonment
 Sweetly complains; her Liberty retriev'd
 Cheers her sad Soul, improves her pleasing Song.
 Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceeding the Bounds
 Of healthy Temp'rance, nor incroach on Night,
 Season of Rest, but well bedew'd repair
 Each to his Home, with unsupplanted Feet.
 E'er Heav'n's emblazon'd by the rose Dawn
 Domestic Cares awake them; brisk they rise,
 Refresh'd, and lively with the Joys that flow
 From amicable Talk, and moderate Cups
 Sweetly interchang'd. The pining Lover finds
 Present Redress, and long Oblivion drinks
 Of Coy *Larinda*. Give the Debtor Wine;
 His Joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks
 His Dread retires, the flowing Glasses add
 Courage, and Mirth; Magnificent in Thought,
 Imaginary Riches he enjoys,
 And in the Goal expatiates unconfin'd.
 Nor can the Poet *Bacchus'* Praise indite,
 Debarr'd his Grape: The Muses still require
 Humid Regalement, nor will ought avail
 Imploring *Phabus*, with unmoisten'd Lips.
 Thus to the generous Bottle all incline,
 By parching Thirst allur'd: With vehement Suns
 When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling Clods,
 How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted Arch
 Of a retreating Bow'r, in Mid-day's Reign

To ply the sweet Carouse, remote from Noise,
 Secur'd of sev'rish Heats! When th' aged Year
 Inclines, and *Boreas's* Spirit blusters sore,
 Beware th' inclement Heav'ns; now let thy Hearth
 Crackle with juiceless Boughs; thy lingring Blood
 Now instigate with th' Apples powerful Streams
 Perpetual Showers, and stormy Gusts confine
 The willing Ploughman, and *December* warns
 To Annual Jollities; now sportive Youth
 Carol incondite Rhythms, with suiting Notes,
 And quaver unharmonious; sturdy Swains
 In clear Array, for rustic Dance prepare,
 Mixt with the Buxom Damsels; hand in hand
 They frisk, and bound, and various Mazes weave,
 Shaking their brawny Limbs, with uncouth Mein,
 Transported, and sometimes, an oblique Leer
 Dart on their Loves, sometimes, an hasty Kiss
 Steal from unwary Lasses; they with Scorn,
 And Neck reclind, resent the ravish'd Bliss.
 Mean while, blind *British* Bards with volant Touch
 Traverse loquacious Strings, whose solemn Notes
 Provoke to harmless Revels; these among,
 A subtle Artift stands, in wondrous Bag
 That bears imprison'd Winds, (of gentler sort
 Than those, which erst *Laertes* Son enclos'd.)
 Peaceful they sleep, but let the tuneful Squeeze
 Of labouring Elbow rouse them, out they fly
 Melodious, and with spritely Accents charm.
 'Midst these Disports, forget they not to drench
 Themselves with bellying Goblets, nor when Spring
 Returns, can they refuse to usher in
 The fresh-born Year with loud Acclaim, and store
 Of jovial Draughts, now, when the sappy Boughs
 Attire themselves with Blooms, sweet Rudiments
 Of future Harvest: When the *Gnosian* Crown
 Leads on expected Autumn, and the Trees
 Discharge their mellow Burthens, let them thank
 Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies

Their

Their Vaults, and with her former Liquid Gifts
 Exhilarate their languid Minds, within
 The Golden *Mean* confin'd : Beyond, there's naught
 Of Health, or Pleasure. Therefore, when thy Heart
 Dilates with fervent Joys, and eager Soul
 Prompts to pursue the sparkling Glass, be sure
 'Tis time to shun it ; if thou wilt prolong
 Dire Computation, forthwith Reason quits
 Her Empire to Confusion, and Misrule,
 And vain Debates ; then twenty Tongues at once
 Conspire in senseless Jargon, naught is heard
 But Din, and various Clamour, and mad Rant :
 Distrust, and Jealousie to these succeed,
 And anger-kindling Taunt, the certain Bane
 Of well-knit Fellowship. Now horrid Frays
 Commence, the brimming Glasses now are hurl'd
 With dire Intent ; Bottles with Bottles clash
 In rude Encounter, round their Temples fly
 The sharp-edg'd Fragments, down their batter'd Cheeks
 Mixt Gore, and Cyder flow : What shall we say
 Of rash *Elpenor*, who in evil Hour
 Dry'd an immeasurable Bowl, and thought
 To exhale his Surfeit by irriguous Sleep,
 Imprudent ? Him, Death's Iron-Sleep oppress,
 Descending careless from his Couch ; the Fall
 Luxt his Neck-joint, and spinal Marrow bruis'd.
 Nor need we tell what anxious Cares attend
 The turbulent Mirth of Wine ; nor all the kinds
 Of Maladies, that lead to Death's grim Cave,
 Wrought by Intemperance, joint racking Gout,
 Intestine Stone, and pining Atrophy,
 Chill, even when the Sun with *July*-Heats
 Frys the scorch'd Soil, and Dropsy all a-float,
 Yet craving Liquid : Nor the *Centaur's* Tale
 Be here repeated ; how with Lust, and Wine
 Inflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken Souls
 At feasting Hour. Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, that guard
 The *British* Isles, such dire Events remove

Far from fair *Albion*, nor let Civil Broils
 Ferment from Social Cups: May we, remote
 From the hoarse, brazen Sound of War, enjoy
 Our humid Products, and with seemly Draughts
 Enkindle Mirth, and Hospitable Love.
 Too oft alas! has mutual Hatred drench'd
 Our Swords in Native Blood, too oft has Pride,
 And hellish Discord, and insatiate Thirst
 Of other's Rights, our Quiet discompos'd.
 Have we forgot, how fell Destruction rag'd
 Wide-spreading, when by *Eris*' Torch incens'd
 Our Fathers warr'd? What Hero's, signaliz'd
 For Loyalty, and Prowess, met their Fate
 Untimely, undeserv'd! How *Bertie* fell,
Compton, and *Gravill*, dauntless Sons of *Mars*,
 Fit Themes of endless Grief, but that we view
 Their Virtues yet surviving in their Race!
 Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong Rout
 Defy'd their Prince to Arms, nor made account
 Of Faith, or Duty, or Allegiance sworn?
 Apostate, Atheist Rebels! bent to Ill,
 With seeming Sanctity, and cover'd Fraud,
 Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose
 Omnipotence; alike their Crime, th' Event
 Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
 Of barbarous Malice, and insulting Pride,
 Abstain'd not from Imperial Blood. O Fact
 Unparallel'd! O *Charles*! O best of Kings!
 What Stars their black, disastrous Influence shed
 On Thy Nativity, that Thou shoud'st fall
 Thus, by inglorious Hands, in this Thy Realm,
 Supreme, and Innocent, adjudg'd to Death
 By those, Thy Mercy only wou'd have sav'd!
 Yet was the Cyder-Land unstain'd with Guilt;
 The Cyder-Land, obsequious still to Thrones;
 Abhor'd such base, disloyal Deeds, and all
 Her Pruning-hooks extended into Swords,
 Undaunted, to assert the trampled Rights
 Of Monarchy; but, ah! successful She

How.

However faithful ! then was no regard
 Of Right, or Wrong. And this, once happy Land,
 By home-bred Fury rent, long groan'd beneath
 Tyrannic Sway, 'till fair revolving Years
 Our exil'd Kings, and Liberty restor'd.
 Now we exult, by mighty *ANNA*'s Care
 Secure at home, while She to foreign Realms
 Sends forth her dreadful Legions, and restrains
 The Rage of Kings: Here, nobly She supports
 Justice oppress'd; here Her victorious Arms
 Quell the Ambitions: From Her Hand alone
 All *Europe* fears Revenge, or hopes Redress.
 Rejoice, O *Albion* ! sever'd from the World
 By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent
 Of nothing from without; in One Supreme
 Intirely blest; and from beginning time
 Design'd thus happy; but the fond Desire
 Of Rule, and Grandeur, multiply'd a Race
 Of Kings, and numerous Sceptres introduc'd,
 Destructive of the public Weal: For now
 Each Potentate, as wary Fear, or Strength,
 Or Emulation urg'd, his Neighbour's Bounds
 Invades, and ampler Territory seeks
 With ruinous Assault; on every Plain
 Host cop'd with Host, dire was the Din of War,
 And ceaseless, or short Truce haply procur'd
 By Havoc, and Dismay, 'till Jealousy
 Rais'd new Combustion: Thus was Peace in vain
 Sought for by Martial Deeds, and Conflict stern:
 'Till *Edgar* grateful (as to those who pine
 A dismal half-Year Night, the orient Beam
 Of *Phebus* Lamp) arose, and into one
 Cemented all the long-contending Pow'rs,
 Pacific Monarch; then Her lovely Head
 Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
 The Spirit of Love; at Ease, the Bards new strung
 Their silent Harps, and taught the Woods, and Vales,
 In uncouth Rhythms, to echo *Edgar*'s Name.
 Then Gladness smil'd in every Eye; the Years

Ran smoothly on, productive of a Line
Of wise, Heroic Kings, that by just Laws
Establish'd Happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting Enemies in farthest Climes.

See Lyon-Hearted *Richard*, with his Force
Drawn from the North, to *Jury's* hallow'd Plains!
Piously valiant, (like a Torrent swell'd
With wintry Tempests, that disdains all Mounds,
Breaking a Way impetuous, and involves
Within its Sweep, Trees, Houses, Men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest Battel; and o'er-threw
Whate'er withstood his zealous Rage; no Pause,
No Stay of Slaughter, found his vigorous Arm,
But th' unbelieving Squadrons turn'd to Flight
Smote in the Rear, and with dishonest Wounds
Mangl'd behind: The *Soldan*, as he fell
Oft call'd on *Alla*, gnashing with Despite;
And Shame, and murmur'd many an Empty Curse.

Behold Third *Edward's* Streamers blazing high
On *Gallia's* hostile Ground! his Right with-held,
Awakens Vengeance; O imprudent *Gaul*,
Relying on false Hopes, thus to incense
The warlike *Engliss*! one important Day
Shall teach you meaner Thoughts: Eager of Fight,
Fierce *Brutus* Off-spring to the adverse Front
Advance resistless, and their deep Array
With furious Inroad pierce; the mighty Force
Of *Edward*, twice o'erturn'd their desperate King,
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid Shock:
The third time, with his wide extended Wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior Strength,
Discomfited; pursu'd, in the sad Chace
Ten Thousands ignominious fall; with Blood
The Vallies float: Great *Edward* thus aveng'd,
With golden *Iris* his broad Sheild emboss'd.

Thrice glorious Prince! whom, Fame with all her
[Tongues
For ever shall resound. Yet from his Loins

New

New Authors of Dissention spring; from him
 Two Branches, that in hosting long contend
 For Sov'rain Sway; (and can such Anger dwell
 In noblest Minds?) but little now avail'd
 The Ties of Friendship; every Man, as lead
 By Inclination, or vain Hope, repair'd
 To either Camp, and breath'd immortal Hate,
 And dire Revenge: Now horrid Slaughter reigns;
 Sons against Father tilt the fatal Lance,
 Careless of Duty, and their native Grounds
 Distain with Kindred Blood, the twanging Bows
 Send Showers of Shafts; that on their barbed Points
 Alternate Ruin bear. Here might you see
 Barons, and Peasants on th' embottled Field
 Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghastly Heap
 Promiscuously cast: with dismal Groans,
 And Ejulation, in the Pangs of Death
 Some call for Aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
 In the fierce Shock, lye gasping, and expire,
 Trampled by fiery Coursers; Horror thus,
 And wild Uproar, and Desolation reign'd
 Unrespited: Ah! who at length will end
 This long, pernicious Fray? What Man has Fate
 Reserv'd for this great Work?—Hail, happy Prince
 Of *Tuder's* Race, whom in the Womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw! Thou, Thou art He,
 Great *Richmond Henry*, that by nuptial Rites
 Must close the Gates of *Janus*, and remove
 Destructive Discord: Now no more the Drum
 Provokes to Arms, or Trumpet's Clangor shrill
 Affrights the Wives, or chills the Virgin's Blood;
 But Joy, and Pleasure open to the View
 Uninterrupted! With presaging Skill
 Thou to Thy own unitest *Fergus' Line*
 By wise Alliance; from thee *James* descends,
 Heav'n's chosen Fav'rite, first *Britannic King*.
 To him alone, Hereditary Right
 Gave Power supreme; yet still some Seeds remain'd

Of Discontent; Two Nations under One,
 In Laws and Int'rest diverse, still pursu'd
 Peculiar Ends, on each Side resolute
 To fly Conjunction; neither Fear, nor Hope,
 Nor the sweet Prospect of a mutual Gain,
 Cou'd ought avail, till prudent *ANNA* said
Let there be UNION; strait with Reverence due
 To Her Command, they willingly unite,
 One in Affection, Laws, and Government,
 Indissolubly firm; from *Dubris* South,
 To Northern *Orcades*, Her long Domain.

And now thus leagu'd by all eternal Bond,
 What shall retard the *Britons*' bold Designs,
 Or who sustain their Force; in Union knit,
 Sufficient to withstand the Pow'rs combin'd
 Of all this Globe? At this important time
 The *Mauritanian* and *Catharian* Kings
 Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd *Turk*
 Dreads War from utmost *Thule*; uncontrol'd
 The *British* Navy thro' the Ocean vast
 Shall wave her double Cross, t' extremest Climes
 Terrifie, and return with odorous Spoils
 Of *Araby* well fraught, or *Indus*' Wealth,
 Pearl, and Barbaric Gold; mean while the Swains
 Shall unblest reap, what Plenty sows
 From well stor'd Horn, rich Grain, and timely Fruits.
 The elder Year, *Pomona*, pleas'd, shall deck
 With ruby-tinctur'd Births, whose liquid Store
 Abundant, flowing in well blended Streams,
 The Natives shall applaud; while glad the talk
 Of baleful Ills, caus'd by *Bellona*'s Wrath
 In other Realms; where e'er the *British* spread
 Triumphant Banners, or their Fame has reach'd
 Diffusive, to the utmost Bounds of this
 Wise Universe, *Silurian* Cyder borne
 Shall please all Tasts, and triumph o'er the Vine.

T H E E N D.

THE
 SPLENDID SHILLING:
 IN
 Imitation of *MILTON*.

——— Sing Heav'nly Muse,
*Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyme,
 A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire.*

Happy the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
 In Silken or in Leathern Purse retains
 A Splendid Shilling: he not hears with pain
 New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful Ale;
 But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise,
 To *Juniper's*, or *Maggye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs,
 Where mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye,
 Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous Flames,
Chloe or *Phillis*; he each Circling Glas
 Wisbeth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
 Mean while he Smoaks, and Laughs at merry Tale,
 Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrums* quaint.
 But I whom griping Penury furrounds,
 And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
 With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff
 (Wretched Repast) my meagre Corps sustain:
 Then Solitary walk, or doze at home
 In Garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black
 As Winter's Chimney, or well-polish'd Jett,

Exhale

Exhale *Mundungu*, ill-perfuming Smoak:
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size
 Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, ancient Kings,
 Full famous in Romantick tale) when he
 O're many a craggy Hill, and fruitless Cliff,
 Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvenian* Mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
 Hight *Meryanunna*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
 Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vye
 With *Massic*, *Setian*, or Renown'd *Falern*.
 Thus while my joyless Hours I lingering spend,
 With Looks demure, and silent pace a *Band*,
 Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,
 To my aerial Citadel ascends;
 With Vocal Heel thrice Thund'ring at my Gates,
 With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
 The Voice ill boding, and the solemn Sound;
 What shou'd I do, or whether turn? amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
 Of Woodhole; streight my bristling Hairs erect,
 My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
 So horrible he seems; his faded Brow
 Entrench'd with many a Frown, and conic Beard,
 And spreading Band admir'd by Modern Saint
 Disastrous Acts forbode; in his Right hand
 Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
 With Characters and Figures dire inscribed
 Grievous to mortal Eye, (ye Gods avert
 Such Plagues from Righteous Men) behind him stalks
 Another Monster, not unlike himself,
 Of Aspect sullen, by the Vulgar called
 A *Catchpole*, whose polluted hands the Gods
 With Force incredible, and Magic Charms
 Erst have indu'd, if he his ample Palm

Should

should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
 Of Debtor, freight his Body to the touch
 Obsequious (as Whilom Knights were wont)
 To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
 Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Charm
 In durance vile detain him, till in form
 Of Money, *Pallas* set the Captive free.
 Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect; oft which insidious Ken,
 This Caitiff eyes your steps alooff, and oft
 Lies perdue in a Creek or gloomy Cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)
Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn

An everlasting Foe, with watchful eye,
 Lyes nightly brooding ore a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless Mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd Web
 The Spider in a Hall or Kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies: she secret stands
 Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will ought avail
 Their Arts nor Arms, nor shapes of lovely Hue,
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
 And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
 Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
 Useless resistance make: with eager strides
 She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
 Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when Nocturnal Shades
 This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
 Perswades Men to repel benumbing Frosts,
 With pleasant Wines, and crackling blaze of Wood;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
 Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous talk

Of

Of lovely friends delights; distress'd, forlorn;
 Amidst the Horrors of the tedious Night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
 My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse
 Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
 Or desperate Lady near a purling stream,
 Or Lover pendant on a Willow-tree:
 Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, in vain, my parched Throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy Eyes repose:
 But if a Slumber haply do's invade
 My weary Limbs, my Fancy still awake,
 Longing for Drink, and eager in my Dream,
 Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale.

Awake, I find the settled Thirst—

Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.

Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor tast the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
 Mature, John-apple, nor the Downy Peach,
 Nor Walnut in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
 Nor Medlar Fruit delicious in decay;
 Afflictions great, yet greater still remain,
 My *Galligashins* that have long withstood
 The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Frosts,
 By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue!
 A horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
 Wide discontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus, and *Auster*, and the dreadful force
 Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
 Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraght Ship
 Long sail'd secure, or through the *Egean* Deep,
 Or the *Ionian*, 'till Cruising near
 The *Lilybean* Shoar, with hideous Crush
 On *Seylla* or *Charybdis* dangerous Rocks
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
 So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the Sea, in at the gaping Side,

The

The crouding Waves gush with impetuous Rage;
 Resistless overwhelming; Horrors seize
 The Marriners Death in their Eyes appears,
 They stare, they lave, they plump, they swear, they pray:
 Vain Efforts, still the battering Waves rush in
 Implacable, 'till delug'd by the foam,
 The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyfs.

T O A
 L A D Y:
 W I T H

Milton's Paradise Lost.

SEE here how bright the First-born Virgin shone!
 And how the first Fond Lover was undone:
 Such powerful Words our Charming Mother spoke,
 As *Milton's* are, and such as *Tours* her Look.
Tour's the best Copy of the Original Face,
 Whose Beauty was to furnish all her Race.
^{such} ~~Your~~ Charms no Author can escape but he;
 There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

Of lovely friends delights; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the Harrows of the tedious Night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
 My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse
 Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
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 Implacable, 'till delug'd by the foam,
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(4)

A

SONG.

I.

WHat ! put off with One Denial?
And not make a Second Tryal?
You might see my Eyes consenting,
All about me was relenting:
Woe'n oblig'd to dwell in Forms,
Forgive the Youth who boldly storms.

II.

Lovers, when you Sigh and Languish;
When you tell us of your Anguish;
To the Nymph you'll be more pleasing,
When those Sorrows you are reasing:
We love to try how far Men dare,
And never with the Foe should spare.

A

A
S O N G.

By Mr. Check.

B Right *Cythia's* Power, divinely Great;
What Heart is not Obeying?
A Thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
And in her Eyes are playing.

She seems the Queen of Love to reign,
For she alone dispences
Such Sweets as best can entertain
The Gust of all the Sences.

Her Face a Charming Prospect brings;
Her Breath gives balmy Bliss:
I hear an Angel when she Sings,
And taste of Heaven in Kisses.

Four Sences thus she Feasts with Joy,
From Nature's chiefest Treasure:
Let me the other Sence employ,
And I shall dye with Pleasure.

A

ACs

**A Catalogue of Poems, Printed and Sold by H. Hills in
Black-Fryars, near the Water side.**

A Congratulatory POEM to his Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark, Lord High Admiral of Great Britain, upon the Glorious Successes at Sea. By N. Tate Esq; Poet-Laureat to Her Majesty. To which is added a Happy Memorable Song, on the Fight near Audenarde, between the Duke of Marlborough and Vendome, &c. Windsor Castle: A POEM. Inscrib'd to the Immortal Honour of our most Gracious Sovereign, Anne, Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. To which is added, Britain's Jubilee; a new Congratulatory SONG, &c.

Marlborough Still Conquers: Or, UNION hath got the Day. A POEM, upon the late Victory obtained by the Prince and Duke of Marlborough; And UNION of the Two Kingdoms. By F. Gayman. The Battle of Audenarde. A POEM, occasion'd by the Glorious Victory obtain'd over the French near that Place, the 11th of July, 1708. N. S. by the Confederate Army under the Command of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, Monsieur D' Auverquerque, and Prince Eugene of Savoy. With the Characters of the General Officers, who were present in the Engagement. Also a New Copy of Verses of the French-man's Lamentation.

The Flight of the Pretender, with Advice to the POETS. A POEM, in the Artburical, — Jobical — Elizabethical Style and Phrase of the famous POET MAURUS.

Honesty in Distress; But reliev'd by no Party. A Tragedy, As it is Acted on the Stage, &c.

St. James's Park: A SATYR.

The Kit-Cat. A POEM. To which is added the PICTURE, in Imitation of Amsterdam's Basilica. As also the Coquet Beauty, by the Right Honourable the Marquis of Normanby.

WINE, A POEM. To which is added Old England's New Triumph: Or, the Battle of Audenard. A SONG.

A POEM, occasion'd by the much lamented Death of Mrs Eleanor Buckworth, only Daughter of Sir John Buckworth, Kt. and Bar.

The LONG VACATION. A SATYR: Address'd to all Dissolute TRADERS.

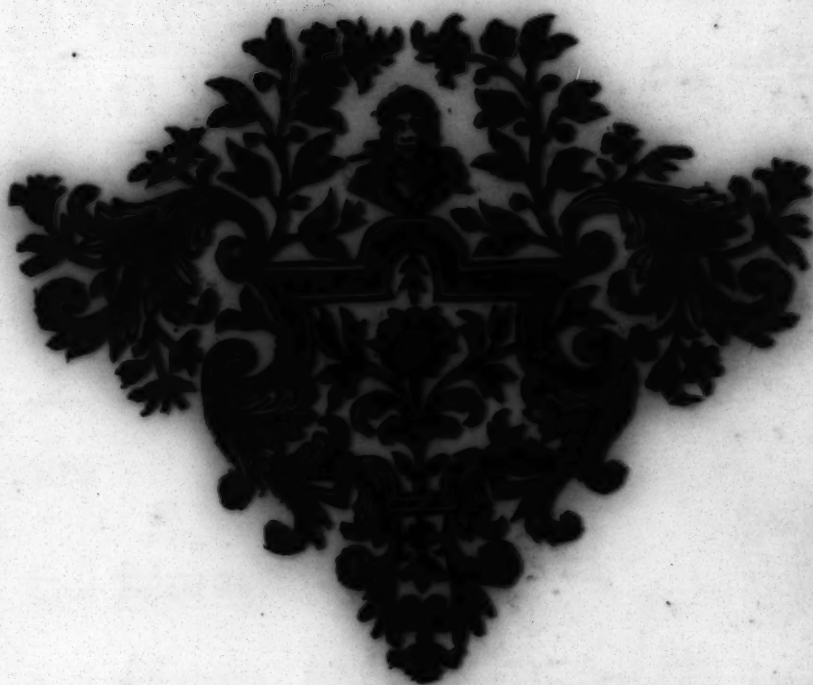
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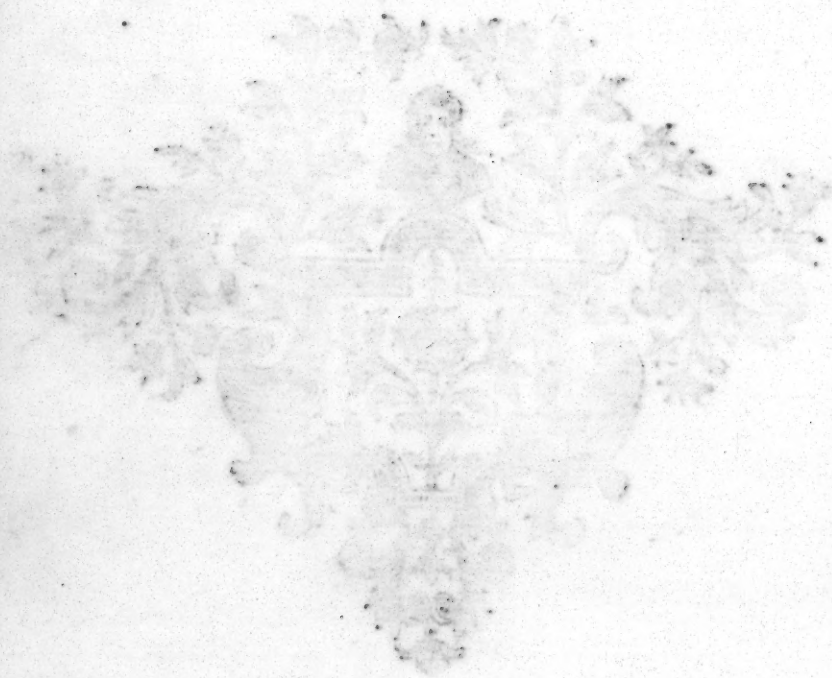
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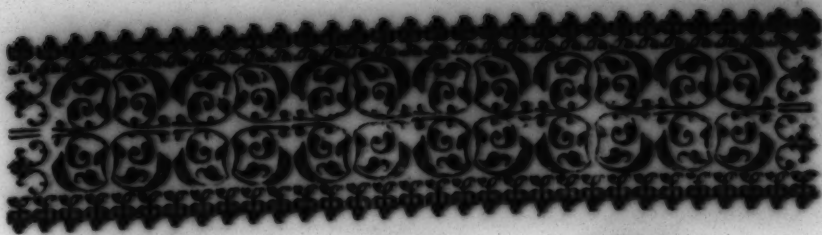


L O N D I N I:
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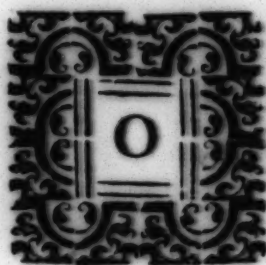




O D E,

A D

Henricum St. John, Armig.



Qui recisæ finibus Indicis

Benignus Herbæ, das mihi

divitem

Haurire succum, & suaveolentes

Sæpe Tubis iterare fumos;

Qui solus acri respicis asperum

Siti palatum, proluis & Mero,

Dulcem elaborant cui saporem

Hesperii, pretiũmque, Soles:

F 2

Ecquid

Ecquid reponam muneris, omnium
 Exors bonorum ? Prome reconditum;
 Pimplæa, Carmen, desidésque
 Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
 Quà Cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
 Te, Diva, vim præbente, Vates
 Explicuit Venuſinus alas:

Solers modorum, ſeu Puerum trucem
 Cum Matre flavâ, ſeu caneret Roſas
 Et Vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruſcum
 Rite beans Equitem ſub antris.

At

At non Lyæi vis generosior
Affluxit illi ; sæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætiâmq; testæ.

Patronus illi non fuit Artium
Celebriorum ; sed nec amantior,
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus

Pertentat, ut Téquæ & Tua munera
Gratus recordor, Mercurialium
Princeps Virorum ! & ipse Musæ
Cultor, & usque colende Musis !

Sed

Sed me minantem grandia deficit

Receptus ægrè spiritus, ilia

Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum

Tussis agens sine more pectus,

Altè petito quassat anhelitu ;

Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum

Distillet in venas, Tuæque

Lenis opem ferat hauustus Uvæ.

Hanc fumo, parcis & Tibi poculis

Libo salutem ; quin precor, Optima

Ut usque Conjux fospitetur,

Perpetuo recreans amore

Te

Te confulentem Militiæ super
Rebus Togatum. Maeste ! Tori decus
Formosa cui *Francisca* cessit,
Crine placens, niveoque Collo !

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O ! O ! labellis cui Venus infidet !
Tu forte felix ; me *Maria*
Macerat (ah miserum !) videndo :

Maria, quæ me fidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo Puellas.

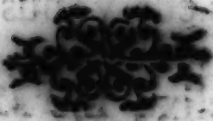
Hanc,

Hanc, ulla mentis spes mihi mutua

Uteunque defit, nocte, die vigil

Suspiro; nec jam Vina fomnos

Nec revocant, tua Dona, Fumi.



FINIS.

The Foregoing ODE

Imitated in ENGLISH.

Kind Friend, with whom I Sip, and Smoke,
The Finest Tea, and Best Virginia,
Nor part until my Dose I've took
Of *Hermitage*, or *Mont' Alcinoe*.

What shall an empty Poet do,
To pay the mighty Debt he owes you?
I'll tap my Muse, and if but low
She runs, I'll tilt her toot to please you.

Old *Horace*, with a willing Mind,
(Assisting Muse, and Wind, and Weather)
All but uncommon Flights disdain'd,
And dip'd his fancy'd Wings in *Ether*.

To joy his Patron's luscious Hours,
He sung of Wenching, and its Fuel;
How helpful *Venus* in Amours,
And her ungracious Rogue, how cruel;
And yet the Bard with richer Wine
His jolly Whistle never whetted,
Than from some empty'd Flasks of thine
I still am plentifully treated.

Nor did his *Tuscan* Knight e'er bear
To all the Arts a Friendship truer,
Nor was more bountiful or dear
To him, than to your ODIST you are.

O thou Top-Wit of all the Town,
The Court, and eke the House of Commons,
Whom all the Muses hang upon,
As thou'rt a constant Hanger-on 'em.

How do's my Marrow melt away,
 And every lazy Vein beat quicker,
 While gratefully in Memory
 I bear thy Friendship, and thy Liquor.

But, O! my Spirits are too weak
 To make the great Returns intended;
 I cough, as if my Heart would break,
 And wheeze like one that's broken-winded.

My fatal Hour is plainly come,
 For want of like refreshing Doses,
 Which only you can save me from,
 And heap new Favours on the *Muses*.

'Tis done, and now I live again,
 And feel returning Spirits moving:
 Ever may you and Spouse remain
 In Health, and be ever loving.

Renew your Vigour spent in Care,
 With the soft Balm of her Careless,
 In all the Home Affairs of War,
 And what's of greatest Weight, her Grace's

Fanny, the Pride of Marriage Sheets,
 Beyond Compare whose Hair and Neck are,
 Whose Lips breath everlasting Sweets,
 And every Grace assist to deck her.

In such a Lot, how happy thou!
 While, Wretch, for *Molly* I am wasting;
 Whose starry Eyes have shot me through,
 And harder Heart still keeps me fasting.

No other Girl will now go down,
 The Tyrant's sent all else a packing;
 My Heart is hers, and hers alone,
 And yet within an Ace of breaking.

Hopeless, and restless, Night and Day,
 I mourn the Rigout of the Gipsy;
 Nor can your Wine, and Pipes, for me
 Procure a Nap, tho' ne'er so tipsy.

PASTORALS,

BY
Mr. Philips.

Nostra nec erubuit Silva habitare Thalia.

Verg. Ed. 6.



LONDON:

Printed and Sold by E. J. B. at the
near the Water-Door.

(Price Two-pence.)

P R E F A C E.

IT is strange to think, in an Age so addicted to the Muses, how Pastoral Poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it has always been accounted the most considerable of the smaller Poems: Virgil and Spenser made use of it as a Prelude to Heroick Poetry. But I fear the Innocency of the Subject makes it so little inviting at present.

There is no sort of Poetry, if well wrought, but gives Delight. And the Pastoral perhaps may boast of this in a peculiar manner. For, as in Painting, so I believe, in Poetry, the Country affords the most entertaining Scenes, and most delightful Prospects.

Gallendus, I remember, tells us, That Peireskius was a great Lover of Musick, especially that of Birds; because their Artless Serains seem to have less of Passion and Violence, but more of a natural Easiness, and therefore do the rather besfriend Contemplation. It is after the same manner that Pastoral gives a softer and gentler Composure to the Mind; whereas the Epick and Tragick Poem put the Spirits in too great a Ferment by the Vehemence of their Motions.

To see a stately, well built Palace strikes us, indeed, with Admiration, and swells the Soul, as it were, with Notions of Grandeur. But when I view a little Country Dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful Variety of Fields, Woods, and Rivers; I feel an unspeakable kind of Satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing, that my good Fortune would place me in so sweet a Retirement.

Virgil and Spenser, but the only Writers, that seem to have hit upon the true Name of Pastoral Poetry. So that it will be Honour sufficient for me, if I have not altogether fail'd in my Attempt.

THE

THE FIRST PASTORAL:

LOBBIN.

IF we, O Dorset, quit the City Throng
To meditate in Shades the Rural Song
By your Commands; be present: And, O, bring
The Muse along! The Muse to you shall sing,
Begin.— A Shepherd Boy, one Evening fair,
As Western Winds had cool'd the sultry Air,
When as his Sheep within their Fold were pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary Discontent;
So pitiful, that all the Starry Throng
Attentive seem'd to hear his mournful Song.
Ah well a Day! How long must I endure
This pining Pain? Or who shall work my Cure?
Fond Love no Care will have; seeks no Repose;
Delights in Grief; nor any Measure knows.
And now the Moon begins in Clouds to rise;
The twinkling Stars are lighted in the Skies;
The Winds are hush'd; the Dewa distil; and Sleep
With soft Embrace has seiz'd my weary Sheep:
I only, with the howling Wolf, constrain'd
All Night to wake. With Hunger is he pin'd,
And I with Love. His Hunger he may ease,
But who in Love can stop the growing Flame?
Whilome did I, all as this Poplar fair,
Up-raise my heedless Head, devoid of Care,
'Mong rustick Routs the chief for wanton Games;
Nor could they merry make 'till Lobbin came.

Who better seen, than I, in Shepherds Arts,
 To please the Lads and win the Lasses Hearts?
 How dully to mine Oaten Reed so sweet,
 Wont they, upon the Green, to shift their Feet?
 And, when the Dance was done, how would they yearn
 Some well devised Tale from me to learn?
 For, many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,
 To chase the lingering Sun adown the Sky.
 But, ah! since *Lacy* coy has wrought her Spite
 Within my Heart; unmindful of Delight,
 The Jolly Grooms I fly; and all alone
 To Rocks and Woods pour forth my fruitless Moan.

Oh quit thy wonted Scorn; relentless Fair!
 E'er, lingering long, I perish thro' Despair.
 Had *Elizabeth* been Mistress of thy Mind,
 Tho' not so fair, she would have been more kind.
 O think, virgin Maid, while yet is Time,
 How flying Years impair our Youthful Prime!
 Thy Virgin Bloom will not for ever stay;
 And Flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
 The Flow'rs a new returning Seasons bring;
 But Beauty faded has no second Spring.

My Words are Wind! She, deaf to all my Cries,
 Takes Pleasure in the Mischief of her Eyes.
 Like Frisking Hens, loose in Flow'ry Meads,
 She goes where-e'er her roving Fancy leads;
 Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome Chace!
 While, wing'd with Scorn, she flies my fond Embrace:
 She flies indeed: But ever leaves behind,
 Fly where she will, her Likeness in my Mind.
 Ah turn thee then! Unthinking Damsel! Why,
 Thus from the Youth, who loves Thee, should'st thou fly?
 No cruel Purpose in my Speed I bear:
 'Tis all but Love; and Love why should'st thou fear?
 What idle Fears a Maiden Breast alarm?
 Stay, simple Girl! a Lover cannot harm.

Two Killings, sportive as thy self, I rear;
 Like tender Buds their shooting Horns appear.

A Lamb

A Lambkin too, pure white, I breed, as tame,
 As my fond Heart could wish my several Dams.
 A Garland, deck'd with all the Pride of May,
 Sweet as thy Breath, and as thy Beauty gay,
 I'll weave. But why these unavailing Pains?
 The Gifts alike and Giver she disdain.

O would my Gifts but win her wanton Heart!
 Oh could I half the Warmth I feel impart!
 How would I wander every Day to find
 The ruddy Wildings? Were but Lark and Wren
 For grossly Flanks I'd climb the knotty Tree,
 And of fresh Honey rob the thimble Bee:
 Or, if thou deign to live a Shepherdess,
 Thou Lavin's Flock, and Lavin's flock possess.
 Fair is my Flock; nor yet uncomely
 If liquid Feathers faster rot: And why should I
 Should liquid Feathers faster rot? Yet how can I
 The bounding Flow'rets less bewitch than they grow.

O come, my Love! Nor think of simple Pastures
 The Dams to milk, and little Lambkins to
 To drive a Field by Morn the setting Even,
 E'er the warm Sun drinks up the only Dew.
 How would the Cock bottom thy homely Maid!
 How would my Younglings round thee gazing stand!
 Ah wileless Younglings! gaze not on her Eyes;
 Such heedless Glances are the Cause of all our Woes.
 Nor traw I when this bitter Fate will end;
 Or if kind Love will ever me befriend
 Sleep, sleep, my Flock; For, happy you may be
 Your Rest, tho' nightly thus your Master weeps.

Now, to the waning Moon, the Nightingale
 In doleful Ditties told her piteous Tale.
 The Love-sick Shepherd list'ning found Relief,
 Pleas'd with so sweet a Partner in his Grief:
 Till by degrees her Notes and silent Night
 To Slumbers soft his heavy Heart invite.

The Second Pastoral.

THE NOT. COLINET.

THE NOT.

THY cloudy looks why melting thus in Tears,
Unseemly, now that Heaven's smile appears?
Why in this mournful Manner art thou found,
Unthankful Lad, when all things smile around?
Hear how the Lark and Linnet joyfully sing!
Their Notes soft warbling to the glad some Spring.

COLINET.

Thou'st lost their Notes, not so my wayward Fate:
Nor Lark would sing, nor Linnet in my state.
Each Creature to his proper Task is born,
As they on Mirth and Mufick, I woe mourn.
Weeping, as Midnight, & my Woe renew,
And when my Tears increase the falling Dew.

THE NOT.

Small Beak, I know, has lusty Youth to plain;
Or what may then the weight of Age sustain,
When, as our winking strength doth daily cease,
The trifling burden doubles its increase?
Yet thou' with Years thy Body downwale'st tend,
As Trees beneath their Fruit in Autumn bend;
My Mind's cheerful Temper still retains,
Spots of my snowy Head and icy Veins:
For, why should Man as cross Mithras depine,
Sour all his Sweet, and mix with Tears his Wine?
But speak: For much it may relieve thy Woe
To let a Friend thy inward Ailment know.

COLINET.

'Twill idly waste thee, *Thou'st*, a whole Day,
Should'st thou give Ear to all my Grief can say.
Thy Ewes will wander, and thy heedless Lambs
With loud Complaints require their absent Dams.

THE NOT.

(7)

THE NOY.

There's *Lightfoot*, he shall read them close; and I,
Twixt whiles, a-cross the Plain will glance my Eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end:
Scarce does one smiling Hour my Youth attend,
Tho' few my Days, as my own Follies show,
Yet all those Days are clouded o'er with Wee:
No Gleam of happy Sun-shine does appear,
My low'ring Sky, and Wintry Days, to clear.
My piteous Plight, in yonder Naked Tree,
That bears the Thunder Scar, too well I see:
Quite destitute it stands of Shelter kind,
The Mark of Storms and Sport of ev'ry Wind:
Its riven Trunk feels not th' Approach of Spring,
Nor any Birds among the Branches sing.
No more beneath thy Shade shall Shepherds throng
With Merry Tale, or Pipe, or pleasing Song.
Unhappy Tree! And more unhappy I!
From thee, from me, alike the Shepherds fly.

THE NOY.

Sure thou in some ill-chosen Place wast born,
When blighting Mists drew forth the rising Morn,
Or when the Moon, by Withered charms, did glow,
Thro' sad Eclipse a various Train of Woe,
Untimely born, ill Luck beides thee born.

COLINET.

And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater Ill?

THE NOY.

Nor Wolf, nor Fox, nor Rat amongst our Sheep;
From these the Shepherd's Care his Flock may keep:
Against ill Luck all cunning Forefight fails;
Whether we sleep or wake, it hought avails.

COLINET.

Ah me the while! Ah me the luckless Day!
Ah luckless Lad! the rather might I say.
Unhappy Hour! when first, in Youthful Days,
I left the fair *Sabrina's* silver Flood:

Ah filly I'll more filly than my Sheep,
 Which on thy flow'ry Banks I once did keep.
 Sweet are thy Banks! Oh when shall I once more
 With longing Eyes review thy flow'ry Shore?
 When, in the Crystal of thy Waters, see
 My Face, grown wan thro' Care and Misery?
 When shall I see my Hut, the small Abode
 My self had rais'd and cover'd o'er with Sod?
 Tho' small it be, a mean and humble Cell,
 Yet is there room for Peace and me to dwell.

THE NOT.

And what the Cause that drew thee first away?
 From thy lov'd Home what tempted thee to stray?

COLINET.

A lewd Desire strange Leads and Swains to know;
 Ah God! that ever I should cover Woe!
 With want'ring Fers unblest'd and load of Fame,
 I thought I know not what, besides a Name.

THE NOT.

Or, sooth to say, did thou not hither roam
 In hopes of Wealth, thou cou'd'st not find at Home?
 A Rolling Stone is ever bare of Moss;
 And, in thy Coll, green Years Old Proverbs cross.

COLINET.

Small Need there was, in flatter'ing Hopes of Gain,
 To drive my pining Flock athwart the Plain
 To distant Cows: true Gain at length, I trow,
 To hoard up to my self such deal of Woe!
 My Sheep quite spent thro' Travel and ill Fare,
 And, like their Keeper, ragged grow and bare:
 Here, on cold Earth to make my Nightly Bed,
 And on a bending Willow rest my Head.
 'Tis hard to bear the pinching Cold with Pain,
 And hard is Want to the unpractis'd Swain:
 But neither Want, nor pinching Cold is hard,
 To blasting Storms of Calumny compar'd:
 Unkind as Hail it falls, whose pelting Show'rs
 Destroy the tender Herb and budding Flow'rs.

THE NOT.

THE NOT.

Slander, we Shepherds count the greatest Wrong;
For, what wounds faster than an evil Tongue?

COLINET.

Untoward Lads, who Fleecers take in Spite,
Make mock of all the Ditties I endite:
In vain, O Colinet, thy Pipe, so shrill,
Charms ev'ry Vale, and gladdens ev'ry Hill:
In vain thou seek'st in the Cow-rings of the Grove,
In the cool Shades to sing the Ecstasies of Love:
No Passion, but rank Envy, canst thou move.
Sing what thou wilt, ill Nature will prevail;
And ev'ry Elf has Skill enough to rail.

But yet, tho' poor and useless is my Vein,
Mendac seems to like my simple Strain;
And long as he is pleas'd to hear my Song,
That to *Mendac* does of right belong,
Nor Night, nor Day, shall my rude Melick cease;
I ask no more, so *Mendac* please.

THE NOT.

Mendac, Lord of all the Neighbouring Plains,
Preserves the Sheep, and gives the Shepherd pains:
For him our Yearly Wakes and Feasts we hold,
And chuse the fairest Fattling from the Fold:
He, good to all, that good deserves, shall give
Thy Flock to feed, and thee at Ease to live:
Shall curb the Malice of unbridled Tongues,
And with due Praise reward thy Rural Songs.

COLINET.

First then shall lightsome Birds forget to fly,
The Briny Ocean turn to Pastures dry,
And ev'ry rapid River cease to flow,
E'er I unmindful of *Mendac* grow.

THE NOT.

This Night thy Cares with me forget;
Thy Flock with mine, to ward th' injurious Cote:
Sweet Milk and clotted Cream, soft Cheese and Case,
With some remaining Fruit of last Year's Store.

Shall be our Evening Fare: And for the Night,
 Sweet Herbs and Moss, that gentle Sleep invite.
 And now behold the Sun's departing Ray
 O'er yonder Hill, the Sign of Evening Day.
 With Songs the jovial Herd return from Plow,
 And unyok'd Hifers, pausing homeward, low.

The Third Pastoral.

ALBINO.

WHEN *Virgil* thought no Shame the *Devick* Road
 To trace, and Flocks on *Mantuan* Plains to feed,
 With young *Aspas* Name he grac'd his Song;
 And *Sparrow*, when e'er the Rural Throng
 He carol'd sweet, and gaz'd along the Flood
 Of gentle *Thames*, made ev'ry sounding Wood
 With good *Eliot's* Name to ring around,
Eliot's Name on ev'ry Tree was found.
 Since then, tho' *Aspas* Cares at Ease we live,
 And let our Cattle in full Pastures thrive,
 Like them will I my tender Musick raise,
 And teach the Vocal Vales *Aspas* Praise.
 Mean time as *Orpheus* sing a lowly Lay,
 While my Kins *Brother*, obdurate in Shades I play:
 Yet not content, while *Durfer* thinks not scorn
 To visit Woods, and Swains ignobly born.

Two Country Swains, both Musical, both Young,
 In Friendship's Mutual Bonds united long,
 Retir'd within a Mossy Cave, to shun
 The Croud of Shepherds, and the Noon-day Sun,
 A Melancholy Thought possess'd their Mind:
 Revolving now the solemn Day they find,
 When young *Aspas* dy'd. His Image dear
 Bedew'd their Cheek with many a trickling Tear;
 To Tears they add the Tribute of their Verse;
 These *Angelot*, those *Palm* did rehearse.

ANGELOT.

Thus Yearly circling by past Times return;
And Yearly thus *Albino's* Fate we mourn;

Albino's Fate was early, short his stay;
How sweet the Rose! How speedy the Decay!

Can we forget how ev'ry Creature mourned,
And sympathizing Rocks in Echo groan'd,
Presaging future Woe, when, for Our Crimes,
We lost *Albino*, Pledge of peaceful Times,
The Pride of *Britain*, and the Darling Joy
Of all the Plains and ev'ry Shepherd Boy.

No joyous Pipe was heard, no Flocks were seen,
Nor Shepherds found upon the grassy Green;
No Cattle graz'd the Field, nor drunk the Flood,
No Birds were heard to warble thro' the Wood.

In yonder gloomy Grove stretch'd out he lay,
His beauteous Limbs upon the dampy Clay,
The Roses on his pallid Cheeks decay'd,
And o'er his Lips a livid Hue display'd;
Bleating around him lay his passive Sheep,
And mourning Shepherds came in Grouds to weep;
The pious Mother comes, with Grief oppress'd,
Ye, conscious Tots and Fattening, can attest
With what sad Accents and what moving Cry
She fill'd the Grove, and importun'd the Sky;
And ev'ry Star upbraided with his Death,
When in her Widow'd Arms, devoid of Breath,
She clasp'd her Son. Nor did the Nymph for a
Place in her Darling's Welfare all her Bliss,
And teach him Young the Sylvan Crook to wield,
And rule the Peaceful Empire of the Field.

As Milk-white Swans on Silver Streams do flow,
And Silver Streams to grace the Meadows flow,
As Corn the Vales, and Trees the Hills adorn,
So thou to thine an Ornament was born;
Since thou, delicious Youth, didst quit the Plains,
Th' ungrateful Ground we till with fruitless Pains;
In labour'd Furrows sow the Choice of Wheat,
And over empty Sheaves in Harvest sweat;

A thin Increase our woolly Substance yield,
And Thorns and Thistles overspread the Field.

How all our Hopes are fled, like Morning Dew!
And we but in our Thoughts thy Manhood view.
Who now shall reach the pointed Spear to throw,
To whirl the Sling, and bend the stubborn Bow?
Nor dost thou live to bless thy Mother's Days,
And share the Sacred Honours of her Praise:
In Foreign Fields to purchase endless Fame,
And add new Glories to the *British* Name.

O peaceful may thy gentle Spirit rest!
And flow'ry Turf lie Light upon thy Breast;
Nor shrieking Owl, nor Bat fly round thy Tomb,
Nor Midnight Fairies there to revel come.

P A L I N.

No more, mistaken *Angelus*, complain;
Albin lives, and all our Tears are vain.
And now the Royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns
To bless the Fields, and rule the simple Swains,
While from above propitious he looks down.
For this the Golden Scales no longer frown,
The Planets shine indulgent on our life,
And Rural Pleasures round about us smile.
Hills, Dales and Woods with shrilling Pipes resound;
The Boys and Virgins dance with Garlands crown'd,
And hail *Albin* blest: The Vallies ring
Albin blest: O now! if ever, bring
The Laurel green, the smelling Eglantine,
And tender Branches from the mantling Vine,
The dewy Cowslip, that in Meadow grows,
The Fountain Violet and Garden Rose:
Your Hensens strew, and ev'ry publick Way,
And consecrate to Mirth *Albin's* Day.
My self will lavish all my little Store,
And deal about the Goblet, flowing o'er;
Old *Abel* there shall harp, young *Mico* sing,
And Cuddy dance the Round amidst the Ring,
And *Edmund* his Antick Gambols play.
To thee these Honours Yearly will we pay, When

When we our shearing Feast and Harvest keep,
 To speed the Flow, and bless our thriving Sheep,
 While Mallow Kids and Endive Lambs pasture;
 While Bees love Thyme, and Locusts sip the Dew;
 While Birds delight in Woods their Notes to strain,
 Thy Name and sweet Memorial shall remain.

The Fourth Pastoral.

MICO. ARGOL.

MICO.

THIS Place may seem for Shepherds Leisure made,
 So lovingly these Elms unite their Shade.
 Th' ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs, to breath
 Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath!
 The Ground with Grass of chearful Green bespread,
 Thro' which the springing Flow'r up-rears its Head.
 Lo here the King-Cup, of a Golden Hue,
 Medly'd with Daisies white, and Endive blue,
 Hark how the gaudy Gold-finch, and the Thrush,
 With tuneful Warblings fill that Bramble-Bush!
 In pleasing Conforts all the Birds combine,
 And tempt us in the various Song to join.
 Up, *Argol*, then; and to thy Lip apply
 Thy mellow Pipe, or Vocal Musick try:
 And, since our Ewes have graz'd, no harm, if they
 Lie round and listen, while their Lambkins play.

ARGOL.

The Place indeed gives Pleasance to the Eye;
 And Pleasance works the Singer's Fancy high:
 The Fields breath sweet; and now the gentle Breeze
 Moves ev'ry Leaf, and trembles thro' the Trees.
 So sweet a Scene ill Suits my rugged Lay,
 And better fits the Musick thou canst play.

MICO.

No Skill of Musick can I, simple Swain,
 No fine Device thine Ear to entertain;

Alas!

Albeit some deal I pipe, rude tho' it be,
 Sufficient to divert my Sheep and me,
 Yet *Calinet* (and *Calinet* has Skill)
 My Fingers guided on the tuneful Quill,
 And try'd to teach me on what Sounds to dwell,
 And where to sink a Note, and where to swell.

A R G O L

Ah *Mice*! half my Flock would I bestow,
 Would *Calinet* to me his Counting show.
 So trim his Sonnets are, I prithee Swain,
 Now give us once a Sample of his Strain:
 For, Wonders of that Lad the Shepherds say,
 How sweet his Pipe, how ravishing his Lay:
 The Sweetness of his Pipe and Lay rehearse,
 And ask what Gift thou pleasest for thy Verse.

M I C O.

Since then thou list, a Mournful Song I chuse;
 A mournful Song becomes a Mournful Muse.
 Fall by a River, on a Bank he fate,
 To weep a lovely Maid's untimely Fate,
 Fair *Stella* bright: A lovely Maid was she,
 Whose Fate he wept; a faithful Shepherd he.

Awake my Pipe; in ev'ry Note express
 Fair *Stella*'s Death and *Calinet*'s Distress.

O woful Day! O Day of Woe! quoth he;
 And woful I, who live the Day to see!
 That ever she could die! O most unkind,
 To go, and leave thy *Calinet* behind!
 And yet, why blame I her? full fain would she,
 With dying Arms, have clasp'd her self to Me:
 I clasp'd her too; but Death was all too strong,
 Nor Vows, nor Tears, could fleeting Life prolong.
 Teach me to grieve, with bleating Moan, my Sheep;
 Teach me, I thou ever-flowing Stream, to weep;
 Teach me, ye faint, ye hollow Winds, to sigh;
 And let my Sorrows teach me how to die:
 Nor Flock, nor Stream, nor Winds, can e'er relieve
 A Wretch like me, for ever born to grieve.

Awake

Awake my Pipe; in ev'ry Note express
Fair Stella's Death, and Calisto's Distress.

Ye brighter Maids, faint Fables of my Fair,
With Looks cast down, and wild dishevel'd Hair,
In bitter Anguish bear your Buriall; and mourn
Her Hour, as if it were your own.
Alas! the fading Glories of your Eyes
In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize:
For, tho' your Beauty rule the fly Swain,
And in his Heart like little Queens you reign;
Yet Death will ev'n that ruling Beauty kill,
As ruthless Winds the tender Meadows spill.
If either Musick's Voice, or Beauty's Charm,
Could make him wild, and slay his list'ning Arm;
My Pipe her Face; her Face my Pipe should save;
Redeeming thus each other from the Grave.
Ah fruitless Wish! Cold Death's up-lifted Arm

No Musick can persuade nor Beauty charm:
For see (O baleful Sight!) see where she lies!
The Budding Flow'r, unkindly blasted, dies.

Awake my Pipe; in ev'ry Note express
Fair Stella's Death, and Calisto's Distress.

Unhappy Calisto! What boots thee now
To weave fresh Garlands for the Death's-head's brow?
Throw by the Lilly, Daffodil and Rose;
One of black Yew, and Willow pale, compose,
With baneful Hemlock, deadly Nightshade dress;
A Garland, that may witness thy Unrest.
My Pipe, whose soothing Sound could Passion move,
And first taught Stella's Virgin Heart to love,
Untun'd, shall hang upon this blasted Oak,
Whence Owls their Dirges sing, and Ravens croak:
Nor Lark, nor Linnet, shall by Day delight,
Nor Nightringale divert my Moan by Night;
The Night and Day shall undistinguish'd be
Alike to Stella, and alike to me.

Thus sweetly did the good Shepherd sing,
 And heavy Woe within his Numbers bring:
 And now dost thou think for my Song I crave

A R G U M E N T

Not this, but can much sadder than these have;
 Of Justice's Elms, where Seeds of Brute appear,
 To speak the Great's Name the Month and Year;
 The Flock of Justice's flock, the Flock of Justice,
 And richly by the Great's flock shall share'd.

O, Calves, how sweet thy Grin to hear!
 How does thy Voice subdue the listening Ear!
 Not half so sweet are Midnight Winds, that move
 In dreary Murmurs o'er the waving Groves;
 Nor dropping Waters, that in Groves distill,
 And with a tinkling sound their Canopies fill:
 So sing the Swans, that in soft Numbers wake
 Their dying Breath, and waile to the last:
 And next to thee shall Adieu bear the Bell,
 That can repeat thy peerless Verse so well.

But see, the Hills increasing Shadows cast:
 The Sun, I woe, is leaving us in haste:
 His weakly Rays but glimmer thro' the Wood,
 And bluish Mists arise from yonder Flood.

M I C R O

Thus find our Cows to gather up the Sheep:
 Good Shepherds with their Flocks no time should sleep:
 For, be that late lies down, or late will rise,
 And, Saggard-like, all Noon-day snoring lies,
 While in their Folds no injury'd Ewes complain,
 And after dewy Pastures bleat in vain.

The Fifth Pastoral

IN Rural Scenes we find our Muses cry,
 And, bashful, into Woods and Thickets fly,
 Distress'd of our Skill. Yet, if e'er Time
 Our Voice improving gain a Patch of Time,
 Thy growing Virtues, School, shall engage
 My riper Verse, and my more polish'd Age.

The Sun, now mounted on the Slope of Day,
 Began to shoot direct his burning Ray,
 When, with the Flocks, their Pastors sought the Shade,
 A Venerable Oak, wide-spreading, made
 What should they do to pass the lingering Time?
 As Fancy led, each form'd his Tale in Rhyme:
 And some the Joys, and some the Pains of Love;
 And some to set out strange Adventures drove;
 The Trade of Wizards' name, and Advice's Skill,
 And whence to charm such Empire o'er the Will.
 Then Caddy last (who Caddy can extol,
 In neat Devices) his Tale began to tell.

When Shepherds flourish'd in *Ellen's* Reign,
 There liv'd in great *Ellen's* jolly Train,
 Young *Celis* Clew; who well could pipe and sing,
 And by his Notes invite the lagging Spring.
 He, as his Custom was, or leisure had
 In silent Shade, without a Rival play'd.
 Drawn by the Magick of th' enticing Sound,
 What Crouds of mute Admirers flock'd around!
 The Steerlings left their Food; and Creatures wild
 By Nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.
 He makes the Birds in Troops about him throng,
 And loads th' neighb'ring Branches with his Song.

Among the rest, a Nightingale of Fame,
 Jealous, and fond of Emula, no less came,
 She turn'd her eye; and Envious, with Pride,
 Like Echo, to the Shepherd's Pipe reply'd.
 The Shepherd heard with Wonder; and again,
 To try her more, renew'd his various strain.
 To all his various songs she answer'd her Throats,
 And echo'd louder Notes to every Note.
 If Colin's complaints, or sweetest groans,
 Or bristler Murmurs to his Measure given;
 If gentle Sighs, or modest, or strong,
 She, not a single note, returns his Song:
 But so repeats, that Colin half despis'd
 His Pipe and Skill, so much he others priz'd.
 And, sweetest Songster of the Winged Kind,
 What Thanks, said he, what Praises can I find
 To equal thy melodious Voice? In thee
 The Master-piece of my Moral Life I see;
 From thee I learn to stune no more my Skill.

Aloft in Air she sits, perching still
 The vespere's d' Evening Froyak'd as last, he strove
 To show the little Master of the Grove
 His brandish Art; if for some small Eposom
 He might obtain, and Credit last, redeem.
 He draws in Breath, his rising Breast to fill;
 Then all the Wood his Pipe is heard to thrill.
 From Note to Note he haste his Fingers fly;
 Still more and more his Numbers multiply;
 And now they fall, and now they fall and rise,
 And swift and slow they change, with sweet Surprize.

Attentive she does listen the Sounds retain,
 But to her self full soon the puzzling strain;
 And tracing each, Note by Note, repays
 The Shepherd, in his own harmonious Lays;
 Tho' every changing Catch runs at length,
 And ends in Success, what she wants in Strength.
 Then Colin there his Pipe did staid aside;
 While the loud Triumph sings, proclaiming wide

Her mighty Conquest. What could take more
 A little Harp, of Maple Wood, he took;
 The Harp it self was old, but never young,
 Which used to be a cross his Song;
 Now take, delightful Bird, thy last farewell;
 He said; and leav' from hence, thou dost excel
 No trivial Artill. And as that he wound
 The murm'ring Strings, and order'd every Sound,
 Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
 And both his Hands upon the Strings extends.
 The Strings obey his Touch, and various move,
 The low'r answ'ring still to those above.
 His restless Fingers traverse to and fro,

And in Pursuit of Harmony they go;
 Now, lightly skimming, o'er the Strings they pass,
 Like Winds, that gently brush the plying Grass,
 And melting Airs arise at their Command:
 And now, laborious, with a weighty Hand
 He sinks into the Cords with solemn Pace,
 And gives the swelling Tears a Manly Grace:
 Then, intricate he blends agreeing Sounds,
 While Musick thro' the trembling Harp resounds.

The double Sound the Nightingale perplex,

And poor'd, she does her troubled Spirit vent,
 She warbles diffident, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
 And hits imperfect Accents, here and there.
 Then Celia plays again, and playing sings—
 She, with the Fatal Love of Glory stung,
 Hears all in Pain: her Heart begins to swell;
 In piteous Notes she sighs, in Notes that tell
 Her bitter Anguish. He, still longing, plies
 His limber Joints: Her Sorrows higher rise.
 How shall she bear a Conqueror, with his
 No equal, thro' the Grove, in Musick laid?
 She droops, and hangs her lagging Wings, and sighs,
 And fetches from her breast melodious Groans,
 Oppress'd with Grief at last, too great to quell,
 Down Breathless on the guilty Harp she fell.

Then calls loud-loudened o'er the Dead,
 And moving them, he gently said,
 And looks on them, and says, and says, and says,
 And, look, and look, and look, and look,
 (Oh for such a Voice, and such a Power,
 To hush the Dead, and hush the Dead,
 Then said a Verse, and said a Verse,
 And said a Verse of singing Others found:
 A Verse and Verse is all I now can give,
 And hereby Name or least, he said, shall live.
 Then ended Caddy with the singing Son,
 And by his Tale variety of Prizes won.

The Sixth Pastoral

GERON. HOBBINOL. LANQUET.

GERON.

HOW still the Sea! how calm the Sky!
 And how, in sportive Chase, the Swallows fly!
 My Gannets, leave your barn, no Tendance need,
 While high on yonder hanging Rock they feed:
 And here below, the Rocky Shore along,
 Your Minors gaze: And I to hear your Song
 Dispos'd. As when, Hobbinol, began,
 And Lanquet's Under-Song by Turns came in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others merely Rake upon their Skill,
 Or Kid, or Lamb, or Goat, or what they will;
 For Prizes we find, and Wager ought beside:
 And, when the Prize, let Geron's Lips decide.

LANQUET.

To Geron I my Voice and Skill commend:
 He's not a Fool, to look in equal Friend.

GERON.
 LANQUET.

G E R O N.

Begin then, Boys, and sing your Song;
 Not fear, from Gery's wrath, or Gery's wrong;
 A better Host-Boy, kind, and true of heart,
 All varnish'd, and with better Ringtons heart,
 I to the Victor give: No small Reward,
 If with our usual Country Pipes compar'd.

H O R R I N O L.

The Snows are melted, and the kindly Rain
 Descends on ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry Grain;
 Soft Balmey Breezes brush along the Sky:
 The bloomy Season of the Year is nigh.

L A N Q U E T.

The Cuckoo tells aloud her painful Love;
 The Turtle's Voice is heard in ev'ry Grove;
 The Pastures change; the warbling Linnets sing:
 Prepare to welcome in the green Spring.

H O R R I N O L.

When Locusts in the Pensive Bushes cry,
 When Ravens pass, and flicker in Caverns by;
 Then graze in Woods, and quit the burning Plain;
 Else shall ye press the spongy Tent in vain.

L A N Q U E T.

When Greens to Yellow vary, and you see
 The Ground beset with Fruits of ev'ry Tree;
 And stormy Winds are heard; think Winter near,
 Nor trust too far to the declining Year.

H O R R I N O L.

Full sail, O blest Eliza! would I could
 Thy Maiden Kule, and Allen's Golden Days
 Then gentle Selsey liv'd, the Shepherd's Friend;
 Eternal Blessings on his Shade attend!

L A N Q U E T.

Thrice happy Shepherds now! for Daphne loves
 The Country Muse, and our delightful Groves;
 While Anne reigns. O ever may she reign!
 And bring on Earth a Golden Age again.

HOBBINOL.

I have in secret all a Lover's passion hid,
And have my Love in secret all reveal'd.
This coming Night she shall receive her due,
Divine her Beauty, and then the VEIL be.

LANQUET.

Mild as the Lamb, and harmless as the Dove,
True as the Turtle, is the Maid I love.
How we'll be true love, I shall not say,
Divine her Name; and I give up the Day.

HOBBINOL.

Soft, on a Cowslip Bank, my Love and I,
Together lay: a Brook ran murm'ring by.
A Thousand tender Things to me she said,
And I a Thousand tender Things made.

LANQUET.

In Summer Shade, beneath the Cuckooing Hay,
What soft, endearing Words she did not say?
Her Lap, with Arms deck'd, she kindly prest,
And strook'd my Cheeks, and hush'd my leaping Head.

HOBBINOL.

Breathe soft, ye Winds; ye Waters gently flow;
Shed her, ye Trees; ye Flowers around her grow;
Ye Swains, I beg you, pass in Silence by:
My Love is tender, and she does not cry.

LANQUET.

Once Dido lay, on rocky shores retired,
Her lovely Limbs half-bare, and rode the Wind;
I smooth'd her Curves, and stole a silent Kiss,
Condemn'd her, Shepherds, if I did smile.

HOBBINOL.

As Maria bask'd, by chance I pass'd by;
She blush'd, and as she cast a fishing Eye:
That look beneath the Crystal Wave she try'd
Her heavenly Form, but all in vain, to hide.

LAN-

LANQUET.

As I to cool me, betid I once fishy Dry,
 Food *Lydis* lacking in the Sedges lay.
 The Wanton laugh'd, and scorn'd in haste to fly;
 Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

HOBBINOL.

When first I saw, would I had never seen,
 Young *Lyse* lead the Dance on yonder Green;
 Intent upon her Bearding as she mov'd,
 Poor, heedless Wretch, at that waste I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When *Lary* decks with Flow'rs her swelling Breast,
 And on her Elbow leans, dissembling Rest;
 Unable to refrain my madd'ning Mind,
 Nor Sheep nor Fallowe worth my Care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come *Rosalind*, O come! For without thee,
 What Pleasure can the Country have for me?
 Come *Rosalind*, O come! My blinded Kine,
 My snowy Sheep, My Farm and all is thine.

LANQUET.

Come *Rosalind*, O come! Here shady Bow'rs,
 Here are cool Fountains, and here springing Flow'rs.
 Come *Rosalind*: Here ever let us stay,
 And sweetly waste our live-long Time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the Seasons of the Moon I know,
 The Force of Healing Herbs, and where they grow;
 There is no Herb, no Season, may remove
 From my fond Heart the racking Pains of Love.

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in Charms have Skill,
 And Ghosts and Goblins order as I will;
 Yet have, with all my Charms, no Pow'r to lay
 The Sprite, that breaks my Quiet Night and Days.

HORRINO.

Let me like Cato I had Skill in Rhyme;
My Merchants' Credit with increasing Time;
My Collocation I who never yet had Peer,
To sing thro' all the Seasons of the Year.

LANQUET.

Let me like Wrenna sing; his Voice had Pow'r
To soothe the sleeping Morn at Midnight Hour;
As he sang, the Fairies, with their Queen,
And Maids of Blue came tripping o'er the Green.

GERON.

Here end your pleasing Suite. Both Victors are;
And each with Cato may in Rhyme compare.
My Queen Black-Boy, loud, and sweeter of Sound,
My Wrenna, and with broken Ringlets bound,
To each I give. A mixing Mist descends
Down that steepy Rock: And this way tends
The distant Rain. Shore-ward the Vessels strive;
And, lo, the Boys their Flocks to shelter drive.



F I N I S

